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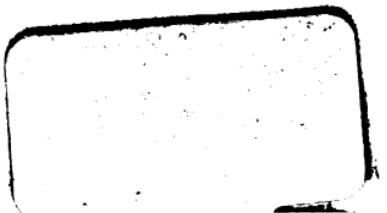
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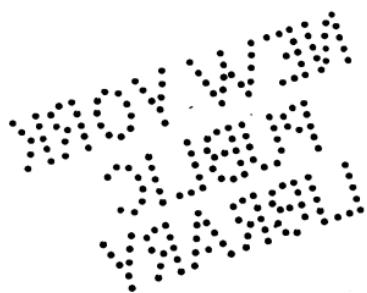




## **ESSAYS,**

**DESCRIPTIVE AND MORAL.**

*NEW YORK  
PUBLISHED  
MONTHLY*



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ESSAYS,  
DESCRIPTIVE AND MORAL;  
ON  
SCENES IN ITALY, SWITZERLAND,  
AND FRANCE.

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BY AN AMERICAN.

*Matthias Bruegel*

" There is the moral of all human tales;  
" "Tis but the same rehearsal of the past,  
" First Freedom, and then Glory—when that fails,  
" Wealth, Vice, Corruption—Barbarism at last."

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Woolman  
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## PREFACE.

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ITALY, during all the periods of its eventful history, has been a country so interesting and so unique, that it is by no means surprising that it has been an object of attraction to the intelligent of all the surrounding nations, from the æra of the revival of learning in Europe to the present time. So numerous and diversified have been the compositions to which the scenery of its surface, and the antiquities, the arts, the customs and

a

manners of its inhabitants have given rise, that it may appear presumptuous for an unknown author to increase the extensive catalogue, by the addition of another volume. He feels it therefore necessary to explain the motives which induce him to hazard this little publication, on a subject which may seem to be exhausted.

The author has long been of opinion that the generality of travellers have visited Italy with expectations so low respecting the moral condition of its inhabitants ; or with minds so eagerly intent on the glories of ancient learning, and the graces of modern art, that they have in too many instances either overlooked, or but slightly noticed, this most interesting subject of contemplation. Many of

them have witnessed, therefore, with apparent apathy, exhibitions of character and manners, which, in their own countries, would have filled them with indignation and sorrow.

The natural consequences of this are a relaxed morality at home, and the continuance or aggravation abroad of those evils, which the influences of Great Britain and America might have enabled their free and enlightened citizens to counteract. The consequences in a religious point of view are, it is to be feared, still more pernicious and deplorable. There is a charm attached to the poetical fables of heathen mythology, which delights men of erudition, and which even grave statesmen and profound philoso-

phers are unable and unwilling to resist. Hence those finely sculptured remains of an exploded superstition, which present the resemblances of departed men exalted into gods, or even sometimes of deified personifications of the corrupt passions of our nature, have become the objects of unmixed admiration, and of unbounded applause.

Is it not to be dreaded, at the present time in particular, when crowds of the ingenious, the wealthy, and the gay, of both sexes, resort to Italy to drink at the *sacred* fount, as it is rather strangely called, of classic inspiration, that they will lose their relish for a far purer and holier fountain? May it not be apprehended that religion will be viewed ra-

ther with reference to taste and form, than to faith and practice ? That the fashionable votaries at the shrine of Fancy and of Fiction, will gradually become indifferent and insensible to the surpassing charms and paramount claims of moral and religious Truth ? In a word, is it quite unreasonable to forebode, that, as the Popish corruptions of Christianity have with masterly precision, and irresistible strength of argument, been traced by Middleton and others to a Pagan origin ; so the decay of the love of that simple and unostentatious worship, which is suited to the genius of the gospel, may, by some future moralist, be traced to the admiration of heathen temples, altars, and deities, now so prevalent among Protestants ?

When we reflect how much we are under the influence of external circumstances, and how frequently we see the grossest licentiousness united with the most servile superstition, can we wonder if the mummeries of the Romish church should find new votaries among the self-expatriated numbers of English emigrants, who, at a period of public difficulty, have left their native shores, and sought their home among strangers in a foreign land : or that those inquisitive Americans who flock to the old world, glowing with the desire to share

“ The gather'd wisdom of a thousand years,”

should be perverted from the simplicity of their faith, by a religion which exercises the senses rather than the soul, and

gratifies the imagination rather than arouses the conscience, and meliorates the heart !

Impressed with such ideas, the Author has studied to keep his mind chiefly fixed on the subjects which he deemed of the highest interest and importance in a moral and religious point of view. Whoever, then, may take up this little volume with the expectation of finding a minute detail of his route, his companions, the fare he partook of, or the spectacles which he saw, will be disappointed.— Neither will the reader find in these Essays a regular series of compositions, where one subject is begun, discussed, and concluded in one Essay. The design of the Author is to convey the general impression made on his mind by the mo-

ral and religious condition of the most interesting of the continental districts through which he passed ; and therefore, when the same impression was renewed by the objects of his attention, he has found it necessary to repeat and enforce it. The natural tendency of an American to compare, and often to contrast, the scenery, governments, and religion of some of the most celebrated countries of the old world with those of the new, he has freely indulged, as it seemed to afford favourable opportunities of pointing out the source and the remedy of many existing evils.

The plan of the Essayist has, for reasons which he deems it unnecessary to state, been much abridged ; and the present is to be considered as furnishing little more than a hint of what might be done by

those who have leisure, and knowledge, and christian principle, sufficient to fit them for the important undertaking. He feels, in the meantime, some reluctance in offering to the public a work of such limited extent. But this reluctance he has endeavoured to overcome, partly from a sense of duty, and partly from a desire of redeeming, in some degree, the pledge which he incautiously, perhaps, gave to the friends on either side of the Atlantic, who kindly interested themselves in his wanderings ; who felt solicitous to share in his emotions, whether of a pleasurable or painful kind, and who urged him to try to throw his observations and reflections into the channel of public utility.

The traveller has twice visited the continent of Europe, but has only once made the tour of Italy. As little attention is paid to dates in this book, it is proper to state, that he entered Italy by the Sempalone, in the end of October 1817, and quitted it early in the summer of 1818, by the Tyrolese Alps. But it will be observed, that he commences his reflections at the most southern point of his journey, and conducts his reader from place to place, to the northern extremity of Italy ; and thence to the Tyrol and France.

Whatever defect may belong to these reflections, or whatever judgment a liberal and discerning public may form of them, the author can most truly say, that they are written after close and careful

personal attention to the topics to which they relate, from notes made on the journey, and under the impression of the diversified feelings which the objects of contemplation produced in his mind.



**ESSAYS,**

**DESCRIPTIVE AND MORAL.**

**A**



## ESSAYS, DESCRIPTIVE AND MORAL.

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### PÆSTUM.

THE solitariness of Calabria is of a peculiar character. An American journeying in this district perceives that he has arrived at a spot where the similarity is most striking, between a people who roam over regions, once the seat of all the useful and ornamental arts, and those tribes who range in the western forests, never yet recovered from the wildness of nature.

The unconcerned air, and unrelenting ferocity of a Calabrian, are as little inviting as the same qualities in the appearance of a North Ame-

rican Indian; while his goat-skin habit gives less play to the imagination, than the feathers and wampum of the more active and intelligent savage.

But there are proofs of high ancestry in the occupancy of this portion of the Italian people, which invest their territory with an irresistible charm. Pæstum, a ruin at the time when Rome sprang up, new and magnificent, and adorned with the spoils of the world, still stands to rival the Coliseum in resisting the waste of ages. So completely has all this region been desolated, either by the natural evil of Mal'aria, or the political scourge of mal-government, that though these ruins are situated upon the Gulf of Salerno, and not a hundred miles from Naples, their existence escaped the knowledge of antiquaries until the middle of the last century.

The walls, and three temples alone, mark the site of this once populous city. That which is called the Temple of Neptune, the largest of

the three, is upwards of two hundred feet long, and nearly ninety wide. The two fronts present six columns to the view : while fourteen on each side shew at once the magnitude and splendour of this most ancient edifice. The columns are composed of five pieces, and are in the form of truncated cones, resting without pediment upon the floor of the temple ; to which there is an ascent by a flight of steps.

Some antiquarians consider the second building, of nearly equal size, a Basilica, where the courts of justice were held ; and the third, which is little more than half as large, a temple erected to the honour of Ceres.

The walls of Pæstum are of that massive construction, which resists the utmost force of time. This sort of building has been designated by the title of Cyclopæan. I saw some substructions, much of the same kind, at Fesolé ; near the eminence upon which stands Galileo's Observatory. The name refers us back to a race

of men who lived before history was written, and who have therefore been seized upon as proper subjects for poetical illustration. It would seem to need the assistance of the forge-men of Vulcan to lay up such walls, if they who worked in iron were as mighty also in stone. Micali, in his work upon “Italy, as it was before the dominion of the Romans,” has sought to collect the little that can be known of this singular people. That they were a colony of Greeks is evident, not only from the style of the architectural remains, but more certainly from the Greek coins, which are now continually found in digging in the neighbouring fields. I bought a silver one of Minerva: the erudite affirm that she was the patron goddess of the city.

The pillars which support the cornices of the temples are so much worn, as to be not unlike, in their exterior surface, to a honeycomb. These vestiges of a thousand years are far more affecting than the ivy which mantles an English

ruin. It is affecting to see the walls which sheltered the monks of the fourteenth century, and once resounded to their impressive anthems, and which are now grey and falling, covered with verdure ; but it is more like what we wish to see in the ruins of a Grecian city, that even vegetable life should not wrap its foliage around the standing column. There are a perfect symmetry and grandeur here, which need no extraneous advantage. The Apollo Belvidere would be admirable, even though it were not in the Palace of the Vatican.

But the loneliness of the situation most affects the feelings, by leading us to reflect how widely scattered is the dust of the men who left these durable monuments ;—that the history of their virtues, or their crimes, is faded from the earth ;—that the honours in which they exulted, or the pains which they endured, have passed by for ever ;—and that they themselves have enter-

ed into the invisible state, and the presence of its Almighty and Omniscient King.

We may save ourselves much present pain, by reflecting upon the passing nature of human sorrows; and obtain permanent satisfaction by observing, that the gross darkness which fell upon the people who "refused to retain God in their knowledge," and who multiplied their idols, until, to use the saying of one of their philosophers, it was easier in some of their cities to find a god than a man, has been dispelled by the light from heaven. It is excess of folly not to be solicitous to substitute divine truth for human fiction. Yet, it is much to be lamented, that when we have learned that Charon and Pluto, and the whole rabble rout of heathen deities, are phantoms of the imagination; now that household gods and ghosts are driven away, as was the shade of Eurydice, when Orpheus turned to behold her, we are so willing to allow scep-

ticism to occupy the place which superstition has left vacant. Now that perpetual appeals are not made to the conscience by vulgar superstitions, and that the fire of devotion is not kept alive by vain ceremonies, it is to be deplored that too many even of the learned and reflecting permit its hallowed flame to be altogether extinguished. In a word, that having escaped from all the terrors of the mysteries of Eleusis, we neglect the intimations of enlightened reason, and the well attested discoveries of our holy faith, in the things that concern the destiny of our immortal spirits !

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When we approach these ancient Temples, and remark the rare union of beauty and majesty in these remains, "against which Time has broken his scythe," we are led to consider how

numerous have been the forms in which Superstition has arrayed herself to delude her followers. If the arts advance to perfection, the Parthenon is raised, Phidias labours, Pindar sings the praises of the mighty gods. In a barbarous age, the Druids hide themselves in the recesses of the forest; they perform accursed rites by the glare of midnight torches; and if they raise a monument, it stands in all the shapeless grandeur of Stonehenge. I cannot help comparing this remnant of British superstition on Salisbury Plain, with these finished and magnificent ruins upon the shore of the “ Tyrrhene Sea.”

Perhaps they who built them were contemporaries, for history does not give us their age; and in each case, the generations of living men have retired,—a poet might say—as if fearful of the ancient shades. The moral reflections excited at Stonehenge make me prefer to sit upon its ruins, to beholding even the beauty of Pæs-

tum. Classical antiquity has enshrouded the superstitions of Greece with a web of its own tissue and colouring ; and it requires the eye of truth itself to look with suitable abhorrence upon the idolatries of the city of Minerva. But we are left to see man in all his native misery, and discern all his vehement tendencies to evil, when not corrected by divine revelation, in the Britons of the time of Cæsar. It is well that some such visible monument should stand to shew us what our fathers were, and what we should have been, without the process of moral renovation, which our religion has commenced. It is well that it should stand in solitude, and that Christianity should raise around it—not a temple more splendid than that of Jupiter Capitoline—but the encouraging, reviving scene of a population reformed from hellish orgies, recovered from debasing superstitions, vivified by moral principle, and glowing with such a heart

of benevolence, as sends a flow of warm and reviving charity throughout the world.

The moral contrast is not strong between Pæstum two thousand years ago, and Pæstum now. Let Stonehenge, then, stand a perpetual monument, to prove how unlike Christianity has made the inhabitants of England to their Pagan ancestors.

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Few places combine within such narrow limits so rich a train of various meditation, for persons of whatever disposition or habit, as this city upon the Gulf of Salerno. At a point, removed from the sight of civilized life, surrounded with the relics of men who lived in the highest stage of luxury, he who can only admire the skill which raised an architrave, and he who

has fancy enough to picture the living scene of a Grecian city while sitting on its tomb, will find no other interruption than the rapid movement, now and then, of a beautiful lizard, which he has startled from basking in the sunshine. The still sea at a distance, and the dark mountains upon the opposite side, are both so far away, that not even the dashing of the water, or the wandering of the clouds, distracts the soul from the present vision. The noxious Malaria has thinned the region of its inhabitants, and left it to excite, by its solitude, an unbroken chain of musing in one who, in his pilgrimage over Italy, pauses at this remote point.

It was from Pæstum that I was to turn my face homeward. The eye, which is insatiable, had beheld the choicest wonders of the world, and it was suitable that the last object should be such a ruin,—simple and majestic, like the Pantheon—lasting as the Coliseum—and lonely as the trackless dessart.

A journey in Italy may be compared not unaptly with the course of human life. The plains of Lombardy, and the vale of Arno, are rich, and smooth, and beautiful as youth ; we come to Rome for the sights, and experience, and reflections, which suit manhood ; we return after the bustle of life to the comforts congenial to age, and which are provided in sunshine, and air, and the bounties of nature, as we find them at Naples ; and we at last behold Pæstum, as the soberest evening scene, which shuts up our wearisome pilgrimage, and ends our toil.

The fate of empires and cities concerns us little in comparison with our own destiny ; for each man's bosom is a little world, and is all the world to him.

## POMPEII.

IN returning from the ruins of Pæstum, we pass along the sea-shore, as it is said, near the site of the gardens of the Hesperides ; and certainly the groves of orange trees, burdened with ripe fruit in February, were no bad specimen of the fields which required a guard of dragons. The ravages of the Mal'aria are such, that between Ebäuli and the sea-shore, there is only a scattered and sickly population, spread over a level uninteresting district ; but we have a great variety of scenery, as we come back to a peopled region. The bay of Sorrento deserves to be compared with the bay of Naples. The precipitous hills, narrow ravines, and superabundant verdure, besides Italian air and sky, made this part of the journey delightful.

We have all read so much of Pompeii before we see it, that if any description could equal the interest we must feel, we should come to it with feelings exhausted by their own force. In the multiplicity of its objects, and their unequalled variety, this city has pre-eminence above all that antiquity can boast of in Italy and the world. There is no one thing to be compared with the Coliseum for grandeur, nor with the Temple of the Sibyl for beauty ; and yet if we should select but one relic of the world as it stood in the age of Augustus, it would be this city, which a *volcano has preserved* for the admiration of a distant posterity.

We enter into the houses of the ancient Romans, and look at all their domestic processes, and behold their theatres, and courts of justice, and temples, and read the inscriptions on their monuments.

I shall not seek to lift the veil, behind which should we venture to look, we should discern

how infamous was then the state of morals, and how their private chambers were disgraced, and even their public streets, by such gross vices, as Christianity has rid us of, and thrown out to be swept away by the stream of time. Vices, which are now treated like those ancient criminals, who were covered, when justice gave them the reward of their deeds, were in the age of Pliny considered, not crimes to be detested, but faults to be smiled at.

We have learned with good reason to account the condition of the female sex, the correct gauge of our moral atmosphere ; but we cannot behold the paintings upon the walls of the houses of those, who, at Pompeii, must have had the guidance of public taste and morals, without feeling pity for injured modesty, connected with a detestation of loathsome and impudent corruption.

The distinction is not always made, in the minds of those who have not visited the places, between Pompeii, which was only covered with

the cinders of the volcano, and Herculaneum, which was overspread by the lava in a state of fusion. The first is uncovered to the sun, and the wood of the buildings is only charred. The latter has a city built above it ; and while you visit its theatre by torch-light, you hear the echo of carriages, like the reverberations of distant thunder, rolling over your head.

The labour of excavation, too, is excessive at Herculaneum, where it is like working in a quarry, with this additional difficulty, that the wall to be preserved is softer than the lava, now a rock, in which it is incrusted. The interest, then, of this city, though it was first discovered, and is incomparably the richer of the two, is very much below that of Pompeii.

We have here under our eye the palaces about which antiquaries have so much disputed ;— the Forum, Basilica, temples, altars, and theatres, tragic and comic, and private houses.

The small number of skeletons found, prove that few persons perished at this place. There

were some bodies of prisoners in chains ; and in a few houses the remains of those whom infirmity might detain, or who staid too long, in the hope, perhaps, that the danger would speedily pass over, or from the too eager efforts to preserve their treasures.

A most interesting part of the city, is that immediately beyond the gate towards Naples, where many large and handsome sepulchral monuments remain, as white and clean as if built yesterday :—the monuments of those, upon whom the light of life and immortality displayed by the Gospel had never shone !

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Pæstum and Pompeii, cities probably filled with life and magnificence at the same period, are now associated in that sepulchral silence, which leaves no voice to tell us what they were, save that within the heart, which says of all their glories, “ there is none abiding.”

How tranquil, how beautiful, are the elements of our world in their state of repose ! How terrible, when their Author works them into tempest, or mingles poison in their influence ! Who shall delineate the silent and sure destruction which accompanied the Mal'aria, and made the busy crowds of Pæstum fade before it, as the simple Charib nations faded and sunk into extinction before the rapacious and civilized invaders who ransacked their soil in search of gold ! What language can describe the more horrible and sudden devastation which fell in visible torrents of flame, and buried the still living, breathing Pompeii in ashes !

If the mind's eye visits the paradise of beauty which God created, and blessed, and called very good ; and contemplates the peaceful soil bursting with luxuriant produce, the balmy breezes, the transparent and flowing waters ; and turns from this picture to consider the mephitic breath, the trembling earth, and the liquid flame of

these regions of desolation ; what marks are here of the destruction that sin has introduced into this fair creation !—what testimony of the influence of moral over natural things ! It was for man, in his purity, that the earth brought forth fruit and seed after its kind ; it is for man, the transgressor, that the ground is cursed, and that it brings forth thorns and thistles. It is to rebuke his pride, and check his disobedience, that his own aspiring works are ruined. The Pæstum and Pompeii of the world still stand in ruin to warn us, as distinctly as they were warned, whose language was confounded on the plain of Shinar, that “ man walketh in a vain show, and disquieteth himself in vain.”

The traveller who pauses to meditate among these ruins, cannot but remember, with fearful anticipation, that Rome also is now but the shadow of itself ; and when he considers the inroads of the same noxious miasma, in conjunction with the processions, the vestments, the

tinklings, and illuminations of a delusive superstition, he will scarcely fail to recollect, that it was said by one inspired of old, “And the voice of harpers and musicians, and of pipers and trumpeters, shall be heard no more at all in thee: and no craftsman, of whatsoever craft he be, shall be found any more in thee: and the sound of a mill-stone shall be heard no more at all in thee. And the light of a candle shall shine no more at all in thee: and the voice of the bridegroom and of the bride shall be heard no more at all in thee; for thy merchants were the great men of the earth; for by thy sorceries were all nations deceived. And in her was found the blood of prophets and of saints, and of all that were slain upon the earth.”—*Rev. xviii. 22, 23, 24.*

## NAPLES.

THE populace of Naples are proverbially ignorant and degraded. The profuse bountifulness of nature grants the necessities of life, with little demand for exertion, to the crowds of human beings, who bask themselves in the sunshine upon the shores of this beautiful bay, and exhibit an odious example of the prevalence of filthy and stupid habits. The climate is so temperate, that some observers pretend that one half of the inhabitants of this great city live out of doors ; only retiring during the night to some shelter. At any rate, we see here very long streets, through which you can scarcely make your way, they being crowded with coblers' stalls and labouring artizans, who salute your ears with all the din of toil. But these, while they take the

same advantage of the mildness of the sky, are in striking contrast with the indolent, who linger on the shore and around the quarter where the fishermen dwell, apparently without an anxious thought how they are to satisfy the hunger with which the evening will assail them. It is not to be supposed, that people who have so little foresight in matters so near at hand, and so little anxiety to guard against evils which are most appalling, even to our animal nature, should be solicitous about political privileges which they cannot understand, and sacrifice present ease to obtain rights for a distant posterity.

We have seen the people of England roused by such a motive, as the disgrace of leaving their children stripped of ancient privileges. They might perhaps have endured for themselves grievances, which they could not endure to transmit to their offspring.

The revolution in the government of the United States of America was mainly caused by this

magnanimous incentive. The evils complained of were almost exclusively viewed as seeds of heavier calamity than they at the time experienced. The war was the result of the prospective wisdom of less than three millions of energetic yeomen, who claimed the privileges of Englishmen; who never alleged that they could not pay the stamp-duty, or the tea-tax, but only that it was demanded in an unconstitutional manner. This revolution is the single example on record, if we read the oldest letter on the scroll of history, where a whole nation has risen in support of its abstract rights, and reasoned itself into the conviction, that it was better to resist a wrong in the outset, than to purchase an immunity, from even a seven years' war, by a light payment to ancient rulers. This prospective wisdom could not have been displayed if the principle had not been incessantly recognized, that representation in Parliament and taxation must go together.

But at Naples, the lowest order have no knowledge of past examples, and no present energy, and they can be moved only by appeals to their passions. They are deficient in that character which might place them under the direction of the intelligence of the higher class. The brunt of war must fall upon the multitude ; the *materiel* out of which armies are formed, must be found in the fields and highways : those who have nothing to lose but their lives, must stand before those who have property and life at stake, and who can avoid risking the one, by a partial sacrifice of the other. The privileged class, upon whom the highest honours are conferred, since, by their inferiority of numbers, they can do least by their physical energy, come last into the contest. Some of the experiments of Murat prove, that it will require long training to prepare this people for war. No doubt, the same evil principles swell in their bosoms, which are excited in the hearts of others, and the same mur-

derous passions ; but they have no patience or fortitude. They might serve in a partisan war, where the way is left open for a rapid retreat after a rapid onset ; but they cannot be expected to resist the mechanical skill and steady march of an old soldiery, who seldom think but as their officers command them, and who never calculate the chances of life and death. It is only a people whose energies are daily called out to combat with difficulties, and to endure what are felt to be privations, and to look to themselves for aid to vanquish interposing obstacles, that can be expected to overcome such mighty barriers as have been set up by the high powers of Europe, to keep the Neapolitans in their present degradation. It is not a people who have been fed daily at the door of a monastery, or by the hand of passing charity, that could, in such untoward circumstances, contend long for an emancipation from the enthralment of foreign dictators, and from the despotism of tyrants at

home. No ! it is a people, who have found, by the experience of years, how Heaven helps those who labour to help themselves,—a people who have mental power enough to form for themselves an ideal standard of excellence, for the attainment of which they can endure hardship and practise self-denial, who will ultimately achieve for themselves the blessing of liberty, and all the moral elevation which is the natural result of its possession.

The modern processes of ordinary war quite spoil the romance which once encircled bloodshed and crime in a halo of glory. There is little now left for individual enterprize. Before the battle, we only number the regiments, and the cannon, and afterwards talk of this general, and that battery ; and the excitement of patriotism is not always an over-match for the impulse communicated by the love of party.

It is to be hoped, that liberal principles are extending, and that in any event this garden of

the world will become the scene of the victories of freedom and truth, over slavery and superstition ; but it is time alone which can cure evils, which time has rooted deep into the soil.

We hail the progress of political illumination, as about to introduce with it a moral improvement. When the censorship of the press is taken away, and free assemblies permitted to the people, among other books the Bible may be circulated, and religion become the object of research. The Carbonari, though the first reason of their association was political, are unquestionably more open to free discussion and the dissemination of general knowledge, than any other individuals in the south of Italy ; and whatever offences they may really commit, or be falsely accused of, they are to be honoured for desiring to change that worst of systems under which they have been oppressed. It was believed that great numbers of this sect would willingly have received and read the New Testament, if the Archbishop of

Naples, in 1818, had permitted the Italian Catholic version to have gone forth from the press.

In the development of new ideas, caused by the late fluctuations in government, we see the beginning of a work, which is not to end until the face of Europe be changed, when Christian principles shall supplant hoary-headed vices. Perhaps not many generations are to intervene before the world shall see moral health and beauty pervading this region—where the traveller now finds all that is exquisite in physical nature, and all that is most sinful and degrading in man. We know from infallible authority, that such a view it shall exhibit one day, when not only “the wilderness and solitary place” shall bloom, but the crowded city and busy mart be filled with men benevolent in their principles, pure in their habits, and having a heavenly abode in certain prospect.

The physical phenomena in the vicinity of Naples, suggest some points of comparison with its moral aspect. The Apostle Paul landed at Pozzuoli on his way to Rome, and the disciples of our Lord, by a course of unwearied exertion, reclaimed all this part of Italy from the most degrading idolatries. But superstitions scarcely less senseless have now taken the place of former deities. Thus, when the burning lava has overspread a fertile region, the genial influences of the sky in the end produce verdure and fruitfulness. But presently after, another eruption destroys alike the labours of man, and the bounties of heaven.

The worship of St Januarius has the most revolting features of blinded paganism.

I never beheld any scene more abhorrent to

my ideas of religious service, than I once met with in the streets of Naples. There was a disorderly procession through one of the quarters of the city, of which notice was given at every resting place, by the discharge of small fire arms. At short intervals, along the streets, the people, according to their devotion or wealth, had fitted up an altar, upon which candles were burning before a picture of the Virgin. An image of the saint as large as life, composed of wood, covered with tinfoil, was elevated upon a platform, and borne upon the shoulders of four men. When the procession halted, one of the populace who officiated, smoked the figure with incense, wiped its face carefully with his pocket handkerchief, and taking a paper of sugar-plums from his bosom, threw them out upon the head of the image;—the boys underneath gathered them up,—the mob shouted, the little guns were fired off, and they proceeded some furlongs farther to repeat the same mummery.

While I was sitting in my apartment one day, a Franciscan monk was ushered in, who produced some very fine oranges, as an offering to induce me to endure the interruption of his presence, and to act liberally towards my unbidden guest. I paid him something more than any other dealer in golden fruit would have received, and dismissed him with a feeling of admiration at the condescension of that church, which, while it has provided Cardinals to hold intercourse with Princes—and Prelates to govern territories, has not disdained to appoint monks as chapmen of indulgencies, and mendicant friars to retail fruit for the benefit of the populace and *forestieri*.

This son of St Francis, with his shaven head and bare feet, and brown woollen garments, and girdle of leather, seemed better fitted to eat macaroni, than to sing Ave Maria ; and was not a whit more of a devotional figure than the brother of this fraternity, who is styled hermit by

courtesy, and retails wine and refreshments near the summit of Mount Vesuvius, for the benefit of weary and curious travellers.

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It was in Lent, during which season only these indolent ecclesiastics preach, that I heard a priest haranguing against John Huss and Jerome of Prague, and the shocking blasphemies they had published about the Virgin. How much better would it have been to leave the ashes of these heretical martyrs to repose in the Lake of Constance, that he might exert his force against evils at home ! Surely even a Catholic must acknowledge that some of their superstitions are monstrous evils. They who are intelligent, profess to use images only as means of exciting sluggish devotion ; but they cannot deny, that the populace worship literally the senseless idol. This

is the natural result of the display of human ingenuity in the manner of adoring our Creator. When we leave His own model, and seek to improve upon its divine simplicity, we first lead ourselves astray from the truth, and open the way into an endless labyrinth of mischievous wanderings.

But christian truth, in the time of the Apostle Paul, vanquished error upon this very soil.—With what attractions superstition was then adorned, we may conceive from what we now see of the remains of the Temple of Jupiter Serapis, which are the most remarkable relics of antiquity at Pozzuoli. According to the evidence of some inscriptions found among the ruins, the building was constructed one hundred and five years before the birth of our Saviour. It is in the very best style of architecture ; and an astonishing quantity of the richest marbles is lavished on this magnificent edifice. The most of them are rare and precious. There are three

columns of the portico standing, and one fallen. They consist, each, of a single piece of Cipollino marble, five feet in diameter, and forty-two feet high. It is wonderful that a column of such magnitude could be taken from the quarry, and safely transported across the sea. But the same surprise is excited to a greater degree, by a view of the Egyptian obelisks at Rome, and the columns of Egyptian granite which form the portico of the Pantheon.

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It is not easy for a Protestant to enter into the feeling of profound reverence with which a Catholic regards the ceremonies of his church, and the sanctity of its earthly head. We sometimes quite forget, while we look at the officiating priest, that the people believe that the words which he utters consecrate the wafer, and change

its nature entirely. We count the number of the attendants, and remark the richness of their garments, or the exquisite finish of the altar, while the unhappy ignorant multitude adore the present god. Words which seem to us no better than a charm, to the hearing of a Catholic work a miracle.

But if we seek to understand the real state of the case, either in the hope of enlightening the ignorant, or of instructing ourselves by the inspection of that downward course by which the best gift of heaven has been depraved, we must examine the thousand folds, which are laid one upon another to disfigure and conceal that pure and undefiled religion, which was the first principle of life in this gigantic system. We must not be startled, as we approach this building, the work of ages, at the narrow passages, and low arches, and winding stairs, by which alone we can penetrate into the innermost sanctuary ; for we must know the way in, if we seek to lead

others out, from their adoration of the enshrined relics.

It is obvious to the most careless observer, that the perversion of divine religion in the Romish church, has originated in the substitution of appeals to the senses, in the place of the simple forms which belong to genuine Christianity, from which have been removed the ceremonial observances of the ancient Jewish dispensation. Ignorant, worldly-minded, or crafty politicians and priests, desirous to conciliate the multitude by outward glare, and to reconcile the splendid and absurd mythology of ancient Rome, with the humbling doctrines of the Cross, continually borrowed services from Pagan superstition, till the spirit and form of the gospel were almost utterly destroyed. We may condemn the iconoclastic zeal of the reformers ; but perhaps so long as the monuments of the monastic orders should have stood, the prejudices of the people would have lingered on ; nay, they might have

revived in their full force, and produced a willing submission to Rome's supremacy. Then we should have seen or *felt*, without going on a pilgrimage, how riveted are the chains which the self-styled vicegerent of heaven coils around the hearts of his followers.

## ST PETER'S.

HUMAN ingenuity has never imagined any theatre for the display of religious ceremonies, more magnificent than is the church of St Peter. I do not believe that Impérial Rome, in the time of its greatest splendour, possessed a single edifice so sublime and perfect. Michael Angelo alone could have devised such boldness of architecture, and the spoils of the world were necessary to fill up the mighty outline. When in the dome he suspended in the air his copy of the Pantheon, he erected a monument to his fame, not surpassed by the Temple of Agrippa. The exquisite finish of the parts is equal to the grandeur of the whole ; and what less could be expected, when Raphael, and Dominichino, and

Guido, were called to complete what Michael Angelo had designed. To perpetuate their genius, the fleeting colours of the canvass have been transferred to the Mosaic copies, and the Transfiguration and Last Supper of St Jerome, are altar pieces as unchanging as the pictures from Adrian's villa, which adorn the Museum of the Capitol.

If the bounds of this world might circumscribe our curiosity, it is worth a pilgrimage round it, to behold this single object, the most perfect, in spite of some faults, of all human works ; and the traveller who has this picture in his imagination, is rich for life.

When at the first view of the interior of St Peter's—for I think we are all disappointed with the exterior, until we examine it closely,—we behold the mighty columns, the magnificent statues, the brilliant roof, the rich chapels, and the brazen baldaquin under the mighty dome ;—we feel that we stand where Charlemagne and Hil-

debrand might have met as compeers ;—we see as in one perspective, what we have before gathered in detail, that it was indeed an immense structure, which bound together the remotest parts of Christendom—under an iron domination, which gave the right to a proud priest to force Emperor and King to hold his stirrup.

But these reflections are too stern to bear their sway long, for the admiration of the work shadows our remembrance of the infamy of those who built it. We would not mingle the memory of the prodigality of Leo X., or the crimes of Alexander VI., or the tyranny of Sixtus Quintus, with our elevated feeling in beholding this masterpiece of human science and sentiment : for what richness of sentiment is there in all the paintings, and what immense knowledge in raising these mighty arches !

The object which most forcibly affected my imagination on entering this Temple, was the light which is reflected through a stained win-

dow beyond the high altar, at the farthest point of distance, where St Peter's chair is erected, supported by four colossal brazen statues of the four great Doctors of the Church. A dove is painted upon the glass, and the rich yellow colouring is so brilliant as to strike the eye at six hundred feet distance, which is the length of the interior. It operates almost like a secret spell to make you believe in a spiritual presence there, which is to be approached most reverently.

As you advance towards it, and the building opens, and the arches seem to enlarge, and above all, the dome to disclose itself, the richness and grandeur of all the parts quite overwhelm the attention, and we are willing to have it diverted by something more sacred. This the Catholic finds in the tomb of St Peter, surrounded as it is by forty-two lamps, which always burn in honour of him whom they style Prince of the Apostles.

Such a claim to local interest as the real ashes of the Apostle, affects the traveller little;

for not only St Peter's and Rome, but Italy is filled with fabulous histories of our Christian worthies. It is not more worth while to examine when this tomb was erected, than whether the statue by the side of it—of which the Pope, in common with his Catholic subjects, kisses the toe—be really the bronze, as antiquaries assert, upon which stood the head of the image of Jupiter Capitolinus when worshipped by Pagan Rome.

I saw St Peter's, when it was illuminated by the cross suspended from the dome, and the effect of light and shade was superlatively fine. No where did it strike me more than when the light fell upon the gigantic statues which adorn the tombs of the Popes, especially upon that of Clement XIII., where we see Canova's Sleeping Lions and watchful Genius, which is the most affecting representation of an angelic being I ever beheld in marble.

At this very time the crowd was adoring the numerous relics, which were exhibited from a

lofty gallery upon the right side of the altar, where they effectually escaped all minute investigation. I was principally curious to behold that of St Veronica's handkerchief; for they say, that when our Saviour was bearing his cross to Calvary, she wiped his sacred face, which left an exact likeness upon the napkin. There seems a familiarity almost profane in merely relating such a story. But all these relics are so carefully put up in glass-cases, and exhibited from such a height, that they do wisely who reverently bend their heads; they see just as much as they who act with more indiscreet curiosity.

It is the most active of all the excitements to imagination, to wander in the twilight produced in the remote aisles by the illuminated dome. Happy they, whose spirits, instead of running into the opposite extreme of irreligion, can rise in a flame of pure and devoted gratitude to God, for an enfranchisement from the chains of superstition !

## PILGRIMS AT ROME.

AN immense crowd of strangers assembles from all parts of the world to behold the ceremonies of the Holy Week; and the confessionals for people of every tongue occupy a conspicuous place in the transept of St Peter's, which is the central point for pilgrims from all lands. But the period is passed when they were counted by hundreds of thousands, and the whole population of Rome does not now half equal what is storied of the number of its former visitors.

In the Holy Week of 1818, the pilgrims who fell in my way had fewer poetical and religious attributes than those could well imagine who had only read of them in verse and legend. The men who bore scallop shell and sandal shoon in the olden time, have been much indebted to the

vigorous fancy of the poets, or else the species has degenerated, as Buffon says the human race does in America.

In the south of France, I met with three different pilgrims who had their poetical appendages. Long coloured garments, cockle shells, sandals, and beard, all bore evidence to their sanctity. The children at the villages came out to touch them, and even a little familiarly felt their beards, while the pilgrims bore their scrutiny with condescending gravity.

But in the whole of Italy I never saw one who did not quite disgust me. A slouched hat, an oiled cloth for the shoulders, and a sturdy stick, was their only equipage, besides a large string of beads and a crucifix ; and their countenances bore the impress of that sort of character which is seldom roused by any other than animal passions. They all appeared much alike. As I left Loretto, they were scattered on the road almost to Foligno, about to visit La Santissima Casa

upon the fête of the Virgin. They were such looking people as are gathered at Rome in the same garb, principally from Fondi, which is the greatest receptacle of villains in the neighbouring territory.

They come to Rome during the Holy Week to be fed at the monasteries, and to have their feet washed by a Cardinal and his attendants.

I was curious to see the ceremony of washing and feeding them, and to observe how his Excellency, who had a seat in the Roman Conclave, would descend to this lowly office. And, in truth, the dexterity evinced was admirable. A very good-looking pilgrim was selected for Monsignore, and his silk stockings stripped off. The princely labourer did not fatigue himself by his exertion, but speedily had done with his example of humility and benevolence. Those who had scarcely shoe without stocking fell into inferior hands. Roman ladies of rank perform

similar services for female pilgrims in another part of this same Monastery.

The ceremony of the Pope's washing pilgrims' feet, and afterwards serving them at table, if it could have been exhibited with less bustle, might have affected the imagination ; but the hall is not large, and was crowded to excess. Among the thirteen Apostles, as they call them, was an Abyssinian ; for they are always anxious, in this theatrical religion, to possess as various claims to our attention as possible.

I could see nothing but a puerile affectation of humility in this employment of the self-styled Holy Father. The splendid service of plate and external pomp, agreed little with what professed to be an earthly copy of the condescending kindness of our glorified Lord. It did not carry the fancy back with unmixed devotion to the time when He was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief, and abundant in painful labours. But in the way of contrast, it brought to

view the abuses which have tarnished Christianity, like dust from the wheels of time. Her beauty had been soiled when the princes of the earth met in council to prepare a robe of earthly tissue, to adorn, as they supposed, this heavenly being; for they sought to conceal her humble origin in their later glories. The Lord, who dwelt with fishermen, needs not such mimicries to keep alive the history of his works; and since his religion is one of self-denial, and especially of non-conformity to the world, these scenes, which bring us nearer to the spirit of this generation, are unchristian in their tendency, as they have been unholy in their design. They originated in the fixed purpose to captivate men by all means to obedience, not to the faith, but to the popedom; and are continued against the enlightened sense of the nineteenth century.

The numerous spectators of this show, being generally of the better order of foreigners, were for the most part Protestant; and except the

King of Spain, the Ex-King of Holland, and Prince Hereditary of Bavaria, and a few other Catholics of rank, they gaped at it, as at any other theatrical exhibition.

The Pope appeared very good-natured during his labours, and smiled when he came to the difficult task of mingling the water and the wine, in such proportions as should not seem too frugal, nor yet too free.

## PAPAL CEREMONIES.

ON Palm Sunday, at the early hour of nine, the ceremonies commenced at the Pope's Chapel at the Palace of Monte Cavallo. Here were a benediction and distribution of palms, a procession through the great Hall, and High Mass.

It is not necessary to enter into the important details of the number of the Cardinals, the colour of their garments, the time when their attendants coil up their robes, or the number of genuflexions they make when they advance to receive the consecrated branch. The spectators were very numerous ; and after Cardinals, and Bishops, and heads of religious orders had obtained this token of Papal favour, some laymen of rank approached to take their share in the honour and sanctity of the gift.

In the procession which followed through the great Hall, the Pope was covered in his chair of state, with a palma in his hand, and all chaunted the service, which was to commemo- rate the joy of the multitude, when our Saviour entered Jerusalem. Mass was afterwards cele- brated ; and the whole ceremony was quite as tiresome as that at Candlemas, when, much in the same manner, there was a consecration and distribution of candles, in memory of the puri- fication of the Virgin.

On the following Wednesday, at the Sixtine Chapel, the first Miserere is sung, and can never be listened to without profound feeling. It is said that the music which was written for this chapel cannot be performed elsewhere with the same effect ; and in a matter where fancy has so much play as in the effect of music, it can easily be imagined that the associations of the place should give an exquisite tone of sentiment to the whole. I shall never lose the recollection of the

solemn sensations produced by the first note of the “Miserere mei, Domine.” The evening had gradually shut in ; I had been observing the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo, which occupies all the large space of wall behind the great altar. The scene had faded to my eye, until only the more vivid figures could be perceived ; and when realities almost sunk into shades, and pictures seemed realities—as the lights upon the altar were all, save one, extinguished—the Cardinals, and the whole assembly fell upon their knees, and in the dead silence, the choir chaunted, “Pity me, O God.”

It was the single occasion in which, as a Protestant, I could not, and did not wish to restrain my sympathy. And so much did the music force each one to shrink from contact, and prepare for a spiritual supervision, that in the crowd I felt alone, and could willingly have wept in penitence for myself, and in adoring commiseration for my Lord.

A specimen from the services of a single day will prove the minuteness of the Romish ceremonial, and how far it is removed from the simplicity of the gospel. On the morning of the Thursday of the Holy Week, mass is celebrated by a Cardinal Deacon, or in his place, by the oldest Cardinal Bishop. The altar and the cross are covered with a white veil : the candles are all of white wax. Upon the covering of the altar is represented the dead body of Jesus Christ, supported by two angels. The Pope appears with a golden mitre on his head, and in a white garment. The Cardinals, with their violet caps, bow at the beginning of the mass. Before the elevation of the Host, twelve attendants, in red garments, with lighted torches, appear and kneel, six on each side of the altar.

The Cardinal Deacon, who celebrates the service, washes his hands with water, which is administered to him by "one of his own gentlemen," who stands if the Pope be present, but kneels if he be absent. After the elevation of the Host, two masters of ceremonies distribute the candles among the Cardinals, and all the others, who are to assist at the procession.

Mass being ended, and the benediction given by the Pope, after the Cardinals have changed their dress, they, the Patriarchs, Archbishops, Bishops, mitred Abbots, &c. &c. with their candles and mitres in their hands, enter into the Pauline chapel, which is lighted with 567 candles—when they sing, *Verbum Caro*.

When all this service is concluded, the procession passes to the gallery, whence is given the solemn benediction to the people.

Of all the ceremonies of the Romish church, the public benediction, which is pronounced from the gallery of St Peter's upon the multi-

tude assembled in the great palace below, is by far the grandest. The Pope is brought out in his chair of state, with a canopy over his head, which is supported by eight prelates, and with fans of peacock's feathers on each side, and gives the triple blessing ; to which the Amen is responded, by the discharge of the artillery of the neighbouring Castle of St Angelo, the ringing of the bells of St Peter's, and the echo of all the military music of the cavalry and infantry collected in grand parade. It was performed on Holy Thursday, and repeated to a larger crowd, with diminished effect, as I thought, on Easter Sunday. But the spectacle is ever prodigiously imposing, to behold such an immense multitude assembled in so wide a place, surrounded with a semicircular colonnade, and adorned with an obelisk and fountains in front of this majestic edifice, upon the Vatican Mount, in the act of receiving a blessing, which they conceive to be an authoritative dispensation of kindness from

the Lord of earth and heaven. The following is the formula of benediction :—

“ The Holy Apostles, Peter and Paul, in whose power and authority we confide, themselves intercede for us with the Lord. Amen.

“ Through the prayers and merits of the blessed Mary, always a virgin, the blessed Archangel Michael, the blessed John the Baptist, and the Holy Apostles, Peter and Paul, and all the Saints, may the Almighty God pity you ; and all your sins being remitted, may Jesus Christ bring you to eternal life. Amen.

“ May the Almighty and Merciful Lord grant you indulgence, absolution, and remission of all your sins, during your true and fruitful penitence, a heart always penitent, and amendment of life—the grace and consolation of the Holy Spirit, and final perseverance in good works. Amen.

“ And may the blessing of Almighty God, the

Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, descend upon you, and ever remain. Amen."

We perceive in this form of blessing, whose merits are principally regarded in this system of corrupt christianity, which seizes exclusively upon its honourable titles. The intercessions of Apostles, the merits of the Virgin, of an Archangel, and all the Saints, are to be the ground upon which God is to exercise compassion, and Jesus Christ to give eternal life. How many mediators and saviours has this depraved religion substituted in its calendar, for the "only name under Heaven whereby we can be saved." An idolatry of human beings, deified in some unaccountable manner, is made to intervene between the knowledge of the true God, and Jesus Christ whom He has sent. The Apostle himself, who rent his garment when they would sacrifice to him as Mercury, is now made the eloquent medium by which our prayers are to be prepared to reach the ears of the Lord of Hea-

ven. There is a consistency in this heresy, an openness in the avowal of its monstrous doctrines, which could never have been attained, if the Holy Scriptures had not been hidden under the decrees of councils, and histories of Popes ; and it needs but slender knowledge of the authoritative canons of God, to disperse this cloudiness, as mist before the sun. A transient comparison of this church with her oldest statutes, will prove her fallibility, and strip the Holy Roman Catholic Apostolic Church of all pretence of apostolical direction.

As to the indulgence and absolution, if it had never gone further than it does in this blessing, it had been a very harmless matter ; for the Pope need not array himself in the pomp of this world, to affirm the unchanging declaration of Heaven, that he who smites upon his breast and cries, " God be merciful to me a sinner," goes down to his house justified ; or that he who proves his penitence by an obedient life, may

hope that the mercy of God shall bring him to eternal happiness. But when Tetzel sold indulgences to build this theatre for ecclesiastical pomp, and asserted that the souls in purgatory were relieved the instant that the money chinked in his chest, the doctrine became a destructive delusion, and an imposing cheat ; and as Tetzel held the doctrine before Luther spoke against it, so do the populace now hold it in every part of this country. Every religion is to be estimated, not according to its professed, but its practical principles ; and is such as the multitude understand it to be, and not what the learned may describe it as having been.

Yet, with such fatal errors, all is not false which has come down upon the stream of antiquity. We have the distinct avowal of the fundamental doctrine of the Holy Trinity, the essential article of a Christian's faith, which declares a fact, the manner of which we cannot explain, any more than how fields of waving corn

are produced from seeds apparently dead, or how the spring renews the face of nature ; but which we are to believe upon the testimony of God himself, as we believe in the processes of nature from our own experience. This faith is a proof of deference to the Supreme Being, which it is right He should demand from creatures of our limited capacity, who should bow instead of pretending to understand the manner of the Divine existence. At this doctrine, when we have examined the Scriptures, we must take our stand, and say, with our immortal Bacon, “if we believe only that which is agreeable to our sense, we give consent to the matter and not to the author, which is no more than we would do towards a suspected and discredited witness.”\* The Author of divine revelation is honoured, when we examine by our reason the proofs he has attached to it, and being satisfied

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\* Adv. of Learning. Book II.

with the evidence, take from the obvious sense of its expressions the facts which can be understood, and those which can never be explained.

The Pope, sitting, reads with a loud voice the benediction from a book, which is held by a bishop, who has in his other hand a lighted candle. When he comes to the doxology, he rises, makes three crosses towards the people, then raises his hand towards heaven, and afterwards laying it on his breast, resumes his seat. Then one Cardinal-deacon reads in Latin, and another in Italian, the plenary indulgence to all present; the papers are cast down into the square, and thus the assembly is dismissed.

No man can resist the impression produced by the sight of so vast a multitude obeying a signal from a single individual, and prostrating themselves in his presence. When the blessing is concluded and they rise at once, the still solemn silence is exchanged for the buzz and movement of life, the cannons are discharged,

and the bells resound, and we seem to have reached an era in existence.

The Catholic, with that versatility which so often shocks our most serious feelings, hastens from this, which he esteems a most holy scene, with the fantastic lightness of a thoughtless worshipper.

But the Protestant cannot so readily leave such a spot, and must rather lean against a column of the portico, and look at the retreating crowd, and reflect how each one of them retires with a flattering unction laid upon his soul, which may be deadly as the serpent's fang,—that the delusion, which is cherished by such vain-glorious pomp, is like the poisoned fountain which sends its streams into every family ; that religion, instead of being the vigorous plant which bears the fruit that nourishes, and the leaf that heals, is here the source of ignorance and mother of imposture, which has gendered miracles and lying wonders, and set up human authority in a

mortal man, in the place of Him whom God commands his angels to honour.

For let us observe Italian society as it is now constituted. Look at the disruption of all domestic ties and desecration of all moral duties ; and see how crimes, which pollute the very source of being, and destroy alike youth and age, are not expelled by this religion, which should act with the greatest force nearest the seat of life ; —and then let us say, whether the Romish religion be not responsible at the bar of common reason and unprejudiced philanthropy, for the crimes which degrade Italy below the level of other nations ; for her populace being ignorant, her fields uncultivated, her streets crowded with paupers, her palaces with insolent ecclesiastics, and the finest region of the world made the haunt of banditti and beggars. Let us ask, why she has not a free government, and equal laws, and an honest judicature, and a thriving population ? Why are we forced now to

write *Roma fuit*, instead of being able to show, in a reviving contrast, upon this field of her ancient glories, the better laurels which may grace a country that has no plebeian race, and no domestic slaves, and need not seek to subjugate the world, and debase all other men to build her monument? Why is it, that, now in the nineteenth century, the city of Augustus does not shew that the condition of human nature is incomparably ameliorated, and that the benevolence of this age is more cheering than the triumphs of the Cæsars;—that the moral interest which dwells in many a human breast for all that is human, and which would instruct and elevate each child, and each neighbour, is better than the pride which called out, with the feeling of insolent superiority, “I am a Roman citizen?” It is the Catholic religion which holds this people in iron fetters, and makes them slaves; which keeps them ignorant, that they may be subjects for priestly and political decep-

tion ; which cannot keep them ignorant without making them depraved and wicked ; which cannot cleanse the heart without enlightening the head ; and which, therefore, while it denounces severe punishment upon all who break the least moral precept, still countenances crimes and absolves the criminal, and at once keeps up the old, and provides new channels for human wickedness.

Religion is the main-spring of human society, the element in which we live. In proportion as this is pure, the whole surface of life is healthy and its functions vigorous. Religion alone can rise to the highest class, and restrain the lowest ; guide the judge, and abash the criminal ; stand by the altar, and dwell in the humblest household. It alone can teach obedience to the child, and wisdom to the parent ; allegiance to the subject, and equity to the sovereign. But where its universal influence is restrained, and a few external observances are substituted in

the place of an ever-present Spirit, the power of conscience is deadened ; and in proportion to what might have been the number and excellence of its genial influences, are now the intensity and force of its overspreading desolations. There are no such mighty effects brought about on earth, as those which have a celestial origin ; and no such hateful works as those which superstition produces, and for which, when asked for authority, it dares impiously to raise its hand, and point to heaven.

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On the Thursday of the Holy Week, there is a representation in the Pauline Chapel of the burial of our Lord. The spectacle is calculated very strongly to affect the imagination, the chapel being illuminated from the spot which represents the sepulchre. Coming out of the sun-

shine, and from all the beauties of external nature into this Vatican palace, and beholding a procession of the dignitaries of the church, and ambassadors, and grandees of many different nations, entering into this gloomy but magnificent chapel, whence the light common to other men is carefully excluded, produces a feeling of mysterious solemnity, like passing into an unearthly region.

It is certain, that all these sensible representations which arouse the minds of the most sluggish and profane to a perception and awe of invisible realities, are of a most injurious tendency; since they lead such to suppose that these indistinct perturbed emotions are in themselves of the essence of religion, and acceptable to God. However wicked men may be before they are called to be spectators of such a scene; in a tumult of earthly feeling, they fall down and cross themselves, and rise up and go away as wicked as ever; confident that they can

never become so hardened, as not again to be affected by its recurrence, and counting the momentary emotion more valuable in the eye of the spiritual Judge than habitual obedience.— If men worship God as Protestants do, it requires a continual watchfulness to keep the senses under, to fight against the world, and to inspect mainly the habits of the soul. But if the glare and pomp of this life may be brought in to help us to some earthly transports, at fixed and distant intervals, and music from the theatres be hired to affect the imaginations of sensual men, we have then the adornments of a kingdom which is of this world ; and they who preside over it, are those who seek honour from men, and are not likely to be greatest in the kingdom of Heaven.

It is the sin of human nature to permit what is animal and earthly—the material organs, to subject what is intelligent and immortal—the heaven-born spirit. However we may classify

the sins of men, and follow out their branches as they spread eastward and westward, and discriminate between the moral diseases which rage within the tropics, and kill under the pole, we may trace them all to this single root. It is therefore, that men think little of harming their souls, when they give pleasure to their bodies ; they think little of injuring their moral principles, in comparison with taking a bodily infection : it is therefore, that they are so short-sighted, as for years together not to look beyond this land of shadows into a brighter world. In proportion as age dims their vision, instead of seeking for glory, honour, and eternal life, we perceive them withdrawing their eyes from the more distant objects of pursuit, and fixing them upon those which are near at hand, until the organs they have so much abused are taken away, and they are laid in their graves, and “ death doth feed on them.”

It is not then, as too many who have the name of Protestants, and who come to gaze at the shows of Rome, imagine, a matter of indifference *how* we worship ; for the manner often proves *whom* we worship. It is possible to look only at an ideal being, and thus adore a creature instead of the Creator. God is known in proportion as his attributes are discerned, and his fear falls upon the heart. The Lord Jesus Christ is served in proportion as the history of his sorrows is understood, the reason of them acquiesced in—his merciful interference in favour of men gratefully acknowledged—the regenerating and sanctifying influences of his spirit implored—and his Heaven regarded as chiefly desirable, because it is the celestial dwelling-place where his servants are made like unto Himself. But we may weep in agony beside a crucifix, in the warmth of a sympathetic imagination, and there be no more true devotion, or genuine piety, than

in what we experience when we read of the horrors of the proscription by the Triumvirs.

In this *liberal* age, then, we must not sacrifice all that our judgment approves, and our heart loves, upon the altar of indifference, nor pretend that what is wrong elsewhere is right at Rome. The Catholic religion grew up by degrees into its monstrous errors ; but we need not attempt to pare them down in the same gradual manner : they must be cut off, and he does this duty best who shews the least sympathy with the delusion that destroys, and the most sympathy for the erroneous that are ensnared. If we would benefit ourselves and others in a search after truth, we must guard against a half-way undecided temper. If the Pope be not Peter's successor, and the vicegerent of God, he is a proud priest, and an usurping prelate, whose pretensions are not to be the more respected, because they are backed by the ignorance of ten centuries, and encouraged by a temporal domination

which oppresses the population of the finest parts of Italy, to support by rapacious exactions hordes of indolent, or it may be, corrupt ecclesiastics. It is impossible to separate the temporal sovereign from the spiritual head, and especially since spiritual power is the tenure by which he holds his temporal dominions. And if we cannot recognize the humility which ought to belong to him who uses the fisherman's seal, and styles himself a servant of servants, in the carriage and equipage of the sovereign of Rome, who rules from Ostia to Ancona and Ravenna ; neither can we believe that the man who holds the keys of St Peter, and has power to admit into the kingdom of Heaven, should condescend to keep the keys of Bologna and Urbino. Since he takes so much care of his earthly principalities, we ought to shew on every suitable occasion our disbelief in the extent of his celestial domains, which many Protestants, who visit Rome, *do not.*

There are fine subjects for reflection continually suggested at Rome, from the contrast between the former and present uses of the remains of antiquity. Many of the ancient temples are converted into temples for this pompous religion, and thus the most incongruous recollections are often excited by the same object. But the union is sometimes impressive in a singular degree. Such emotions arise from finding the Coliseum consecrated and lined with altars. When I hastened to examine this wonder of Rome, amazement at its grandeur was suddenly arrested, as I caught a first view of its immense arches and mighty walls, by the sound of the chaunting from a numerous procession. I beheld a multitude following a crucifix, two and two, enveloped from head to foot in a grey

garment, with only holes cut in it for the eyes, who, with ropes around their waists, and beads in their hands, were just passing the great entrance, and falling upon their knees to re-echo their Latin prayers. This procession of penitents was so unlike what our historical recollections have associated with the Amphitheatre of Vespazian, that before I could give up my whole mind to admiration of this grandest of all the relics of antiquity, I was forced for a moment to consider what a different appearance this arena exhibited now, from what was seen when Christians were turned out of their prisons to be murdered here by wild beasts, for the amusement of the Roman people.

Benedict XIV. had the place consecrated. But the recollections of the earliest martyrs are among the best of the richly varied meditations, which spring up in the stillness of a moonlight walk through the arches of this monument of the magnificence of Imperial Rome.

**SAN PAOLO****ALLE TRE FONTANE.**

PROTESTANTS, in their anxiety to shun the earth-born spells raised in the ignorance of the dark ages, have yielded far too much to Romish superstition, and thereby lost sight of a large field of useful reflection. Because our senses are very apt to subject the soul to a base domination, it does by no means follow that our senses are not at all to be consulted in religious exercises. The Lord, who now dwells amidst the spirits of the just made perfect, once contended against the evils of humanity ; and perhaps it is a device to avoid a matter-of-fact conflict with the powers of sin on earth, that we sometimes turn our view to the heavenly state, to indulge indefinable imaginations.

It brings our fancy as well as our reason into contact with some of the most glorious realities of our faith, to consider the Apostle Paul, a man of like passions with ourselves, meeting a population not very unlike that which now inhabits the Bay of Baiae and the Roman territory, and proclaiming, as he went forward to Cæsar's judgment-seat, that the altars which were raised were to unknown Gods.

When the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus stood in all its splendour ; when the power of the great, the prejudices of the ignorant, and the interests of the priests, formed a threefold alliance in favour of idolatry, a single man, bound in chains, alone lifted up his voice in this region, filled with immortal beings, against the worst of all slavery. The minister of true religion appeared in a garb which did not unfitly represent the outward show of his crucified Lord ; while the ministers of sin, and panders for lust, and provokers to crime, stood bedecked in all that

is most flattering to human pride, arrayed in the richest robes, and their ceremonies set forth with the accumulated wealth of ages.

Nor was the outward vision alone addressed : the infamous Venus had her Anacreon, the Jupiter dyed with a thousand crimes had found poets, from Homer downwards, to sing the praises of the Father of the Gods ; and Paul landed within three miles of the school of Virgil and his tomb, to uncover the most finished of human fables, and shew them to be blasphemous and vile imaginations.

Who then that sees how little reason weighs against passion, how little arguments drawn from a future world arrest the present flow of crime, how repulsive the Christian's theory and practice are to the spirit of a world that lieth in wickedness, can believe that any thing short of divine power could give victory to him who fought apparently at such fearful odds ; or make this single champion for truth, the leader of a

corps, who in a few years after trampled upon the altar of Jupiter, and upon Cæsar's throne ? It brings us into the midst of the realities, and makes us almost converse with the men and women of ancient times, and enables us to measure the height and breadth of the obstacles to be overleaped, and to know all the obtrusive difficulties which hung upon his course, more heavily than the chains on his feet, when we visit the Campagna of Rome, now relapsed into superstition. We come off from the ground of a remote and undefined antiquity, and enter upon the *terra firma* where the battle was truly held ; and our very senses give proof that victory came “ not by might nor by power, but by the spirit of the Lord.”

We are not to suppose that the Christians of the first and second centuries would sacrifice all their local recollections ; nor should we, because they have been abused, permit them to fade from our minds. It is worth while to separate

from the fables, which have peopled Italy with legends, and lay up for serious contemplation, as much truth as may be mixed with the stories of the saints. Among other things, we can scarcely doubt that the spot upon which St Paul was martyred, was long held in remembrance ; and we may visit the little chapel at “ the three fountains,” beyond the Basilica of *San Paolo fuori delle mure*, with a reasonable conviction that we stand where the Apostle of the Gentiles was beheaded.

We know that it was according to the Roman law to execute Romans beyond the walls of the city, beside the highways ; and the neighbouring church of St Paul was built first by Constantine, rebuilt by Theodosius, and finished by Honorius.

While then, because it is doubtful whether St Peter was ever at Rome, we may leave the Janiculum, where the site of his martyrdom is fixed, to the antiquaries who dispute against it,

and the Papists who build their church upon him, we may trust to the just vénération of an earlier and purer antiquity for marking out the spot where Saul of Tarsus consummated his course, as a Prince among the Apostles of Jesus of Nazareth.

The solitude of the Campagna di Roma agrees well with a traveller's reflections. It is well to stand aloof from the busy tribes of men, when we stand beside the tomb of Paul the Apostle. Our spirit may catch some enthusiasm in the uninterrupted stillness of nature, but there could be little sympathy for one who had studied St Paul's Epistles, in the devotees of papal Rome.

Upon this spot, all the circumstances of his death rush thick upon our sight ;—the band of Roman soldiers leading out their captive ;—the few lingering friends at a distance, fearful of exhibiting the sympathy which would have betrayed that they felt themselves indebted for

more than life to this Jew of Tarsus ;—and it may be, while converted friends timidly “ followed afar off,” the mob came nigh to behold and scoff at the man, who “ turned the world upside down,” and to assist in guarding him, who, when he was reviled, reviled not again.

The Centurion and the soldiers would be more affected with this single deliberate execution, than with the thousand murders they had committed in the Parthian wars.

But the Apostle would heed little the sympathy or hatred of men, in comparison with the sympathy and encouragement of his Lord in heaven. He would not have time even for earthly partings, nor, as a man, to turn his eye once to the home far away, and fields where he had roamed in his childhood, or to his relatives in his native city ; for he would be solely anxious to declare the gospel of eternal life to those who scoffed at, and those who murdered him. What a scene for angels to look upon ! when this

man, learned, eloquent, regenerate, and sanctified, filled with the best gifts which spring from earth or descend from heaven, bent his neck, and as the executioner's sword descended in the last blow which human wrath could ever inflict, would only utter, "Lay not this sin to their charge,—Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!"

What a proof was here that the Lord Jesus had indeed appeared to him, as he was on his way to Damascus, and changed his violent enemy into his faithful servant, and given him a dauntless spirit, which the opposition of men, and the scourgings of tyrants, and the prolonged anguish of years, and death itself could not quell! As the earth is stained with his blood, his spirit soars upward to the skies; and his conscious nature enters into communion with myriads of conscious beings; and completely purified, he takes the place which he shall never lose, at the right hand of his Lord, and wears for ever the crown of eternal glory.

How unlike is this departure from troubled life, to that of the greatest man of all antiquity, who fell a martyr for his country's freedom, near Mola di Gaeta, which is not many leagues distant ! Cicero, with the most penetrating genius, the most admirable erudition, the most commanding eloquence, united with stores of intense feeling,—collected all the opinions of the schools about our immortality, and added profound conjectures of his own, to what human ingenuity had before devised ; and the best inference he drew from all his toil was, that a future and happy state was rather a thing to be desired than a fact to be known ; and that the wisest man's only refuge was as much stoical apathy as could consist with philosophical sentiment, and some encouraging aspirations.\*

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\* “ Nam nunc quidem quid tandem illi mali mors attulit ? nisi forte ineptiis ac fabulis ducimur, ut existimemus illum apud inferos impiorum suppicia per-

And when an infamous faction proscribed that friend of the Roman republic and glory of his age, because he was the enemy of Catiline, he died,—as they, who know nothing of revelation, must always die—with the agonizing reflection, that his glories were to be buried in one eternal night, and his very being perhaps ingulphed in everlasting sleep, unless indeed there were dreams of pain and torture in that region where the worm riots. Whether we are only philosophers who judge upon the facts, or Christians who receive the testimony of God, it is clear as the cloudless sun, that though in the last hour there be an exhibition of the courage of Portia, or the fortitude of Regulus, or the cool spirit of suicide of Brutus, yet are they all but as the varying hues of the dying dolphin—

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ferre,—Quæ si falsa sunt ; id quod omnes intelligunt, quid ei tandem aliud mors eripuit, præter sensum doloris ?

CICERO, *Oratio pro A. Cluentio*, p. 61.

outside ornaments, perishing glories that fade under your contemplation, and leave behind but the desolated and corrupting remains.

We will turn our eyes then from them all to *him*, who found death great gain, and knew before hand that it was so ; and who ended his course with joy upon a spot, whither the Protestant pilgrim may bend his way, wearied with the superstitious fopperies of the city they style Eternal, and find on this solitary plain aliment for his heavenly hope. As the Mal'aria has made this region a desert, so has a moral pestilence taken place of a healthier atmosphere within the walls of the capital where Paul once preached. When we sit upon the porch of this chapel, and observe no happy dwelling, nor curling smoke, nor sportive child, and scarcely a wandering animal ; we may almost suppose that, for once, visible judgments stand out as evidences of human guilt, and that God has withdrawn the sweet charities of this life, from

those who have substituted their own idolatries, in the stead of the authoritative mandates which he himself delivered, and which this Apostle sealed with his own blood.

We leave the dispute about the physical causes of this wonderful phenomenon to the adepts in science, whose inquiries, however, have hitherto been fruitless ; but we should not lose the reflections which such desolation, and such moral accompaniments, ought to excite.

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**CATARACT AT TERNI.**

HERE is a rare union of beauty and grandeur in the Falls of Terni. Though the quantity of water be much less than the Rhine discharges at Schaffhausen, yet the scene is much more imposing, from the greater height of the precipice. . Niagara alone more completely absorbs the imagination. The American cataract has an overwhelming majesty that belongs to its flood of waters, and which at first stupifies the faculties of every observer; but Terni has an attractive grandeur, which induces you to advance deliberately to examine a wonder which nature and art have united to produce.

The rapids in the American river, before you reach the edge of the precipice, combined with the distant roar of the falls, form a more sublime spectacle than the full view of Schaffhausen, while the prospect from the Table Rock is like a glance into eternity. We are obliged to call up the force of our minds to keep us from recoiling with dread. But at the Cascata del Marmore, as this Italian waterfall is styled, the eye rests upon the scene with a pleasing astonishment, in which there is more of delight than terror.

It is situated at a few miles distance from Terni. The country is beautifully romantic. The road lies for the most part through fields of olive trees. At Papinia, you are obliged to leave the carriage ; and after descending and crossing the Nera, and traversing a garden, and beautiful line of orange trees, you approach the celebrated fall. When I saw it, the melting of the snow, and the late rains, had swollen the

river to nearly double its ordinary size. This outlet for the Lake Velinus has been most happily chosen; for there are few situations where an artificial cataract could be more than beautiful, but this is exquisite. An ancient castle crowns the summit of the lofty mountain near you; and numberless rills run down near the main sheet of water. But one of the most beautiful objects is occasioned by the quantity of foam, produced by the fall, which ascends in clouds, and, being collected by a projecting ridge, runs down in innumerable little cascades; and as you cannot at first divine the cause, the rock seems bursting with the waters it holds in its bosom. Besides its other attributes, this fall has the best of all charms—association. It is in Italy, it is a work of the Romans,—these foaming waters wash the walls of the Eternal City!

When the admirer of Nature's wonders visits Niagara, he travels through distant forests, just

beginning to be the residence of civilized men ; and he reflects upon the generations of aboriginal inhabitants that vanished from these woods during many centuries, as the foam of the cataract has risen daily to fall again, and to be swept away. But they have passed, and have left no memorial : the traveller is forced inward for topics of meditation ; the scene wants drapery ; it is too much like the summit of Chimborazo, of unequalled loftiness, but freezing cold.

On the contrary, the Fall of Velino has been approached in a course from the Vale of Clitumnus towards the banks of the Tiber ; the ruin of Augustus' Bridge at Narni is to be the picture of to-morrow ; Agrippa's Pantheon is soon to be seen. We have not the feeling of sadness that we are at the end of an enjoyment when we have beheld this wonder, a sentiment which forces itself upon the traveller who stands between Erie and Ontario. Such causes give a

richness and mellowness to the scene, which cannot operate upon the transatlantic cataract.

Yet, with all this, if we could select but one of the two wonders to be seen, it would not be easy to decide between their respective claims. Men of the sterner mould would choose the object of unmixed sublimity, and those of milder sentiment, that which is the perfection of grandeur and beauty. It is not unlike a comparison between Homer and Virgil.

The Italian fall of waters is indeed

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“A matchless cataract,  
Horribly beautiful ! But on the verge,  
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn  
An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,  
Like Hope upon a death-bed, and unworn  
Its steady dyes, while all around is torn  
By the distracted waters,—bears serene  
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn ;  
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,  
Love watching Madness, with unalterable mien.”

*Childe Harold, Canto IV. Stanza LXXII.*

The impression which is produced by the sight of a great waterfall is unique ; unlike any of our other feelings, it makes the most giddy thoughtful, and offers many points of comparison with human life. The land-marks are permanent as the fields we live in ; the waters fleeting as our breath ; the plunge that they make into unknown depths like our descent into the grave ; the rainbow which sits upon the abyss like our hope of immortality. There is the dread of danger, and the curiosity of hope, and the impression of the irresistible impetus by which we are borne forward, to make us feel that we too are gliding onward, though sometimes as unconscious as the bubble, to the gulf of eternity, into which the troubled waters of life discharge themselves. An immortal and immutable condition awaits us, though we sport with what seem to be the contingencies of existence. How often are we reckless of the star that might guide, and the chart that should

direct us, in our voyage, while we are floating onward and onward, with accelerated velocity, to the last leap of life. It is the highest crime a man can commit against reason and revelation, if he venture to make that leap in the dark.

## **CARRARA AND CHIAVARI.**

THE inhabitants of the principality of Lucca are among the most intelligent of the Italians, and their territory is the best cultivated. The route to Genoa overland possesses great interest; nowhere is the traveller better recompensed for the fatigue which must be endured on a road impassable for carriages, but which is sufficiently well supplied with post horses.

The country, after leaving Lucca, becomes more beautiful and picturesque, when we begin to wind through the hills and by the banks of the rapid streams, as we advance towards the Appenines.

The first place of great curiosity that we saw was Carrara, which is embosomed in the moun-

tains. Numerous labourers in statuary marble reside here for the convenience of choosing their blocks from the neighbouring quarries. The marble is of the purest white, and the quarries apparently inexhaustible, for they have been worked since the time of the Romans.

That a large portion of the population of any country should gain their subsistence by the arts of statuary and painting, proves certainly a very polished state of society ; but is far less conducive to its moral interests than employments, which excite less our natural sensibilities. The imagination is at all times a dangerous enemy to sober principle ; and in proportion as the pictures which fill it, and which it combines and multiplies with infinite address and rapidity, are touching and refined, a colouring and enchantment are given to those passions, which at best have a dubious alliance with virtue. Abstractedly speaking, the imitation of the beau-

ty of the human figure is a most suitable exercise of talent ; but he must be little acquainted with the operation of the most powerful incentives to irregular emotions, who does not know that it needs not the picturing of the *beau ideal*, to enable sense to vanquish conscience. It may seem Gothic to ascribe the prevalent immorali- ties of the Italians to their taste in the fine arts ; but as every thing good has been perverted, painting and sculpture, as well as poetry, have not escaped the general infection. Cause and effect operate reciprocally ; artists choose models in which vicious examples are exhibited, because they are themselves vicious ; and the spectators, who might at first have been chiefly attracted by the exhibition of talent, now advance to a sympathy with vice itself.

But it is impossible to enter the galleries of any palace, rich in the works of genius, without perceiving that artists now infringe upon the

first laws of nature, and offend against the best feelings of delicacy. In our age, the customs could not have been originated which now prevail among them ; according to which, those descriptions are lawful and proper in the painter and sculptor, which would condemn the poet to the company of the shameless and vulgar. The copying the fashion set in the Apollo Belvidere and the Venus de Medicis, is counted a sufficient warrant for such transgressions of decency as our religion must ever abhor, however it suited the paganism of Rome and Athens.

It were better to walk backward with the pall upon our shoulders to conceal the disgraceful image, than to look at what is daily exhibited in the Academy of Fine Arts at Florence to some fifty striplings drawing from the life. That which is wrong in essence must be wrong in representation ; and the very plea, that the frequency of beholding naked statues, and pictures without drapery, prevents all immoral im-

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pression, proves, that without this frequency, the evil effect exists; and we may doubt whether that which is evil in the beginning, can be good in the end.

I believe that this universal license of artists could not have been taken, had it not commenced in a stage of society widely distant from ours; when the female sex had no influence upon its habits; when religion was sensuality deified; when lust was enshrined, and infamous passion personified and worshipped; when Phidias selected his models, and afterwards adored his own workmanship. The excellence which he attained in his unholy study should not carry us in our imitation beyond the line of decency; nor does it justify what we continually see in the *studii* of artists on either side of the Alps.

That this is a subject of grave interest, cannot be denied by any one who has been in Italy, where the passages in the houses, and the walks in the gardens, are ornamented with statues

and scenes representing the most infamous parts of the heathen mythology. The appeals to the imagination are far more numerous than would be supposed by one acquainted only with our habits, and must produce a decided effect upon the populace. It is true, that we soon lose the shock which they give ; but we have also lost some delicacy in the trial, and have become less haters of evil, as we are less sensitive when in its neighbourhood.

Englishmen, and I suppose Englishwomen too, as well as Americans of both sexes, for the most part soon learn to consider their *home* feelings upon this subject the fruit of squeamish delicacy, or of ignorance of the fine arts ; but they ought rather to see that they have their source in the habits of their native country, which are utterly uncongenial with the vices of France and Italy. It is paying too dear for a taste in the fine arts, to gain it at the expense of participating in Italian effeminacy or French

corruption. If there be not strength in the body when there is a glow in the cheek, consumption is gnawing at the vitals. It is not enough that society be polished, it must be virtuous. We would infinitely rather see the forest trees fill up the walks around Philadelphia and New York, than have them disgraced by statues from the Villa Borghese, or such as might be selected from the gardens of the Thuilleries.

Beyond Carrara, Spezia is the next most remarkable place, situated upon its beautiful gulf. Many travellers, who pass by water along this coast, penetrate into it; but they lose some of the grandest scenery in the world, if they do not quit their vessels, and ascend the mountains behind the town.

From hence quite to Sestri, the Appenines extend into the sea with rugged precipices, so that, instead of beholding the ocean from a sandy beach, you stand upon the brink of the mountain, and look off upon the waste of waters

which flow up almost to the point perpendicularly below your feet. At the distance of every few leagues, as the mountains run off in spurs, you have deep ravines to cross, where the roads are so narrow and steep, that the mule makes his way with caution and difficulty. Here olive trees cover the sides with their ever-green foliage. Some of the summits are so high and barren as to be destitute of cultivation ; but whether on the sides or summits, you are still on the brink of the sea, and have a boundless prospect over the Mediterranean, and of the innumerable vessels which coast along these shores.

I observed some beautiful varieties of scene from these eminences, when in some cases the clouds fell below the line of vision between me and some distant ship, which seemed suspended upon them. In other instances, only the upper surface of these fleecy, floating fields was richly illuminated by the afternoon sun ; when the inferior surface, that was visible to the observer

who stood in the valley, or floated on the wave, would appear dark and lowering.

The precipitous ravines, upon the sides of which were clustered, for hundreds of feet, sharp rocks, precluding all possibility of descent to certain points, afforded some nooks of earth, which looked like retirements that defied the approach of intruders. Yet here were small habitations, whose solitary owners need care little for the revolutions of empires, or the victories of kings.

The troubles incident to humanity sit close upon the bodies in which we live, and cannot be thrown off. But we provide for ourselves, and our neighbours provide for us numberless anxieties, which are as worthless in their causes as they are effective in their consequences ; and which he may escape who draws in his connections to a narrow sphere. Such scenes of quiet life strike the traveller with peculiar interest, who is wandering over the world, making ac-

quaintances which he cannot stay to value, or friendships which must soon be dissolved.—Perhaps the experience and wisdom that we gain on the journey do not repay us for the loss of home-feelings. The minute beauties of a landscape are lost in an extensive prospect ; and the more boundless is our view, the loftier, and colder, and more solitary is our eminence. He who wanders long loses the sweet charities of life, and must return a stranger to the scenes of his infancy. Our enjoyments are to be measured, not by their intrinsic value, but according to the estimation in which they are held by their possessor ; and if Cæsar would have been happier as first man in a village than second at Rome, not the sphere, but the dispositions of mind, are exclusively to be regarded in our views of human happiness. Our feelings may be much increased,   in intensity and force, by exercise ; but yet there is a sensible limit, beyond which, if they spread, they become

like a river, overflowing its natural boundaries, widely diffused, but neither quick nor deep.

The village politician is as important and as full of interest to himself as the imperial statesman, and feels as much honoured by his power of regulating ten men, as the latter by his power over ten millions. Thus are human affairs balanced; one has opulence and disease, another poverty and health; one beholds the enchantments of Italy, and comes home to be a stranger; another dwells amid the charities of domestic life, and pines to behold the scenes of classical story. We all indulge a portion of discontent at our own lot, and of envy at that of others; being generally most affected with what is evil in our condition, and most observant of what is fairest in that of our neighbour. We obtain a lesson of practical wisdom, when we look at both ~~ends~~ of the scale upon which earthly happiness is graduated; for no small part of our misery is self caused, entirely arising

from unreasonable comparisons. Those who live in mediocrity of fortune, in a little fishing village in the Gulf of Spezia, may be more happy than they who inhabit the palaces of Genoa.

We had, upon this journey, one of the most beautiful sunsets I ever enjoyed. We descended from the higher regions into a beautiful narrow vale, through which the road lay to the seaside, where we came upon the Bay of Sestri. Here is a noble promontory to the south ; a peninsula, the extreme point of which is finely covered with wood, and a smooth curved beach, with a noble back-ground of mountains. The scene was enlivened by the great number of little boats, with the fishermen just landing, on their return to their families, after the toils of the day. We had been travelling so long over the solitary mountains, that it was pleasant to come again to the haunts of [redacted] ; and especially to such a spot, less grand, but more perfect in simple natural beauty, than the Bay of Naples.

At Chiavari, we closed our labours with such refreshment as a good inn furnished.

The next day we had a noble prospect of “the *magnificent*” Genoa from the summit of Recco.

THE

**CARTHUSIAN MONASTERY,  
NEAR PAVIA.**

APRIL in the North of Italy is quite the spring of the poets ; in such perfect beauty does nature develope herself. To transalpine eyes, it looked strange to see the new-mown grass prepared to be gathered in on the twelfth of that month. It was at this season that I ranged over the plains of Lombardy, in my course from Genoa to Venice. The half animal, and half intellectual enjoyment, arising from pure air and splendid skies, gave a new zest to the foreign scene, and made me look upon men and things with the complacency of a mind harmonized by these genial influences.

Of all the works of man which adorn this fine region, no one struck me so much as the Carthusian Monastery near Pavia. This splendid monument of the superstition of a princely age, stands now to represent by its solitude that the feeling which raised it has vanished, and to exhibit by its grandeur what was once the power of an arm now withered.

It was founded by John Galeazzo Visconti, Duke of Milan, in consequence of a vow of his wife Catharine, on occasion of his investiture with the right to the Dutchy by the Emperor Winceslaus. The foundation stone was laid with great pomp in 1396; and for more than 200 years the first architects and sculptors of Italy were excited by great rewards to the most grand and exquisite labours of genius. The revenues of the Dutchy were liberally expended, the richest materials provided, marble brought from Carrara for the more heavy parts of the building; and for the decoration of the interior, espe-

cially of the altars of the fourteen chapels, an immense number of precious stones and curious gems were placed in the hands of the artists.

The imitation which the roof exhibits of a pure Italian midnight sky, where the stars seem to penetrate through the blue expanse, when observed by the light which shoots darkly from the Gothic arches, produces the finest effect imaginable. The ceiling of St Peter's altogether is so splendid as to be gaudy ; St Paul's is smoky and comfortless ; York Minster is grand without being beautiful ; but this is lofty, and pure, and solemn, like the surface of heaven.

As the object of this sort of architecture is to excite feeling, in no place are the advantages of the Gothic style of building so remarkably conspicuous. I do not speak, in particular, of the exquisite finish of the several parts, nor of the subjects which this beautiful temple contains, which on minute investigation exhibit all the graces of sculpture and painting ; but of the

whole effect, which is unequalled. When you enter the Santa Maria Maggiore at Rome, its vista of columns, and general splendour, and the richness of the gilding of the roof, excite an enthusiastic admiration of the work itself.— When you enter the Cathedral of Pavia, you think chiefly of the ceremonies for which human devotion has consecrated so rich a shrine. There is little piety in that sort of devotional feeling which is produced by such a cause ; though it does bring a sacred awe over the spirit.

All the buildings reared upon the plan of the Roman Basilica, lose in sacredness what they gain in grace and convenience. If the Italian Pontiff will raise his throne, and sit under the brazen pillars of the baldaquin in Peter's chair, and have the four great doctors of the church to support his seat, let him for full effect sit under Gothic arches ; the Pantheon does not suit well as a dome for his temple : he must be

approached in mystic light ; the colouring from stained windows, and shadows thrown by a setting sun upon his kneeling devotees, agree best of all with his imposing ceremonial.

St Mark's at Venice is unique ; but its general effect is diminished by its being broken into parts. Perhaps, too, as it is a copy of Santa Sophia, the association of ideas is too close with the history of the termination of the Byzantine empire ; and it is not our fault, but their own, if the men of those days, who were neither Greeks nor Romans, do not attract our sympathy. The christianity of the Eastern church has little in common with that of Gothic Europe, but its darkness ; for its hermits are as forbidding as Simon Stylites, while they are as ignorant as the Father of the Crusades.

There is an obvious danger of pushing those feelings too far, which arise out of our recollections of the twelfth century ; but they should

be so much encouraged as to make us estimate justly our superior advantages.

When we enter a Gothic Cathedral, remembering that God who is every where present, and reflect that in this place he was once worshipped by generations that are dead, with the sentiment that elsewhere an acceptable offering could not be made,—that here a proud priesthood exercised their usurped rights, and displayed their deadly superstitions ; and if, further, we know that in this very place multitudes at this hour come regularly to bow before St Veronica's napkin, or the blood of St Januarius, our hearts must indeed thrill with gratitude that we are delivered from a burden of idle and noxious ceremonies, which weighed down our fathers. If we have any of the true sentiment of religion, we shall with renewed delight value the Scriptures, which give us liberty without licentiousness, and look up for that

which is better than priestly unction, the Spirit from on high.

There is nothing in the study of the history of the superstition which has depraved christianity, to foster harshness or rage. Men as good as ourselves have been led into these follies, and we are restrained by a higher agency than our own.

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How much easier is it to bind the body than the soul ! Here men of rank, and men of blood, who had gone through the pomp and turmoil of life, came to end their days in tranquillity. The small apartments, and solitary garden of a Carthusian monk, and all the severely repulsive restrictions of the order, did not prevent even the sovereigns of Lombardy from laying aside their ducal sceptre. What a contrast was this soli-

tude! They dined publicly in the refectory only once a week, and conversed together on that Thursday only, for a short period. The rest of their time was spent in their oratories, or in the church, or study, or garden ; which last is the only appendage to their separate dwellings which bears even the semblance of luxury. Such sacrifices, made, as they thought, to obtain Heaven, should affect the consciences of those, who, better instructed, count inferior exertions too arduous.

The Emperor, Joseph II., finally suppressed this monastery in 1782, and sequestered its immense revenues. The magnificent building itself is threatened with ruin, since the lead has been taken from the roof. It is to be hoped that it will be an object of care to the government of the Lombard-Venetian kingdom, as Austria styles her rich province in Italy.

## MILAN.

MILAN is very well built ; the streets in the outskirts, and near the canal, are wide and elegant. The first object that strikes the eye, and the great ornament of the city, is the Cathedral, *il Duomo*. It is said to be the largest church in the world, except St Peter's and St Paul's ; and is superior even to the first in one point, that it is built entirely of marble. The interior seemed to me very gloomy, though it is not in the heavy style of the Gothic architecture. The painted windows intercept too much of the light ; and from its antiquity, the walls are so blackened, that instead of the grave aspect suitable to the place, it has a cavern-like appearance. The exterior is very beautiful, erring perhaps in the extreme of the most florid Gothic style.

The numerous figures with which it is ornamented, (and there are said to be more than four thousand statues in the several niches,) prevent the effect which the exposure of such an immense mass of building, if unbroken, would produce.

From the spire, the prospect is most extensive over the plain of Lombardy, and only bounded on the north by the Rhætian Alps. The building itself from this point exhibits a splendid result of human labour. All the pinnacles of each arch are worked to the very top with perfect exactness, and crowned at their summits with marble statues. Not only the large niches are filled, but from the finish of the smaller figures as you ascend, you are astonished at each step with the minuteness as well as grandeur of the labour. .

A gilded statue of the Virgin crowns the summit of the spire ; and from this height you look upon the work of nearly five centuries, as upon

a field of marble. The reflection of the sun's rays from it is quite overpowering.

Upon a descent again into the church, we find that this cathedral is not behind other consecrated buildings, in this land of legends and reliques, in its sacred treasures ; one most esteemed possession being a nail from the cross, which is suspended near the roof behind the altar, and is taken down yearly, and carried in procession around the city, followed by the Archbishop, his retinue of clergy, and the populace.

Here is also preserved, at one of the altars, the crucifix which St Charles bore in procession at the time of the pestilence. I found numerous devotees kneeling before it at their prayers.

But the tomb of this St Charles Borromeo is one of the greatest wonders of the Catholic church. The descent into it is just in front of the great altar under the dome. It is very splendidly hung with gold cloth ; the most me-

memorable actions of his life are carved in silver ; and the body itself is preserved in a case of rock-crystal, magnificently attired, and set off with precious stones. The contrast is shocking between the richness of the vestments, and the corruption of the body—the face being exposed, decayed and black. It is the most that man can do for his idol, to decorate the senseless remains. I never before had so vividly presented to my view the vanity of wealth, here so profusely scattered in this worthless honouring of bones ;—the vanity of the best earthly honours, from which we must soon fly away ;—the vanity of the most splendid of earthly abodes, which cannot be richer than this sepulchral chapel, and must soon, at latest, hold only our lifeless organs ;—in short, the vanity of the men that once lived, and of the men that live now ;—vanity of vanities,—all is Vanity !

I felt it a degradation of the nature in which I have a share, that in this case the law of rea-

son, and customs of the world, have been infringed upon by this exposure of decaying members. Charles Borromeo was a man endowed with singular benevolence and ardour of spirit, who lived to do good to his fellow men, and who was anxious to honour his God ; however erroneous he was in the manner of his adoration. He deserved to be canonized, not for the purpose of idolatrous veneration, but of encouraging example. But his bones certainly should not be dragged from the earth, the common receptacle of men, to render proof to our very eyes, that noble birth, and charitable labours, and neglect of this world's honours, and aspirations towards Heaven, could not save his body from becoming a loathsome corpse. But worse than this is it to consider, that the exhibition is made as an enticement to idolatry, and to induce immortal beings to imagine, that a pilgrimage to visit such relics shall avail them in their pursuit of eternal felicity.

## LAKE OF COMO.

THE road from Milan to Como presents little beside a rich cultivated plain. The rugged tops of the mountains, as we advance, give notice of our approach to the lake. A square tower on the most lofty, which overlooks Como, is a very fine object. The beautiful bay, at the western extremity of the lake, upon which the town is situated, is about a mile across, and nearly circular. Vines reach almost to the summits of the steep hills which surround it, and many country seats decorate the prospect. All the Italian villas look very beautiful at a distance, however much a close examination diminishes the spectator's interest. Even the villages, which are odiously ugly when you enter them, perched as they are upon eminences, and exhibiting white

walls, and spires, and towers, give great beauty to a landscape. Thus the view from Tivoli towards the Monticelli is quite enchanting to the eye, wearied with the barrenness of the Campagna di Roma.

Around the Lake of Como, the mountains are themselves the banks, so that there is no carriage road, and the fine villas can only be approached by water. The variety and grandeur here arise from the vicinity of the water to these immense bodies of rock. The peculiarity of these mountains, and indeed of the Alpine ridges everywhere, is, that they stand as if scalloped out in irregular masses, with deep ravines, which give most beautiful relief, and variety of light and shade.

At the turn where the lake widens and lengthens to the eye, rocks, which are quite precipitous, are covered with green shrubbery. There are also beautiful islands; and upon one, a crowded population in the Villagio dei Piscatori.

It is the most interesting of all the Italian lakes. Even the Borromæan Isles in the Lago Maggiore, (which much excels the Lago di Garda,) do not make it rival Como.

I set out from the town upon an excursion on the lake as far as Pliniana, a famous intermitting fountain described by the younger Pliny. It was the first object which I visited in Italy that abounded in classical associations ; and I took an hour most congenial with my feelings for visiting this retirement of the amiable ancient philosopher. It is situated upon a narrow ledge of rocks, which protrude from the mountain that overhangs the garden ; the villa itself is not easily to be approached but by water. A large country residence, like most of those on the continent, quite comfortless and deserted, and falling into ruins, occupies the small portion of plain which the shore here affords. When we landed, it was toward evening ; and the stillness of the scene corresponded well with the

lengthening shadows of the mountains, and the falling leaves, which a November wind was scattering, to excite a stranger to learn a moral from visiting the sanctuaries of genius ; since this is a delight which could not be had, if the original inhabitants had not departed. We lament the passing nature of earthly hopes ; but many of the best reflections, and richest trains of feeling, arise from the absence of those whose loss we deplore.

The loneliness here was affecting. How little can the most reviving beauties of nature compensate for the want of human sympathy ! Men escape from such solitude as this to the bustling crowds of Milan, and waste the reflective faculty in discussing the artificial excitements which keep up their fever of life.

It is only in England and in Switzerland that we can find the genuine taste for the beauties of nature, and God's own works. Among all the people of Europe, it is only among the English

and Swiss that we see country life in perfection. If such a site as this had been found in the island of Great Britain,—a site consecrated by some of the best recollections, the abode of one of the most famous moralists of antiquity, and described by his own eloquent pen,—it would have been made a little paradise by every earthly art ; and would be dwelt in as a permanent residence, instead of being visited to consume the tedium of an hour. But the Italians live more in the admiration they seek to excite, than in their own peculiar feelings, and are not easily happy, unless some one be present to declare that they are so. Indeed, this vice of living for our neighbours, is not exclusively the folly of Italy.

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The manner in which the recollections of our childhood come before our imagination, appears to be the principal charm in visiting the places which are consecrated by classical antiquity.— Our youthful labours and sports, the short pains and exhilarating pleasures of a period when fancy gilded all the future with the colouring of hope, and there appeared not one tinge of sorrow beyond the holiday, are revived with a saddening sweetness, when we visit later in life what our imagination has pictured in our thoughtless days. Who that has followed the march of the ten thousand over the mountains of Asia, and seen described in the page of Xenophon their ecstacy when they exclaimed, “ the sea,” has not felt corresponding emotions with the Grecian heroes, and dreamed how he would have delighted in their toils and glories ?

We come to the place of Pliny’s retirement as we would visit the Portico at Athens, to give a local habitation, and all the identifying

charm of reality, to the floating visions which his description has excited. And we are not disappointed upon this occasion. The philosopher's fondness for his native region has not exaggerated its beauties ; and the traveller from a country which has none but recent historical recollections, and little except unadorned natural beauty, is amply repaid for his pilgrimage in beholding the richness of this scene, which has before been pictured to his imagination by a master's hand.

There are many particulars here which go to the filling up and perfecting this picturesque landscape. A torrent from behind dashes down the mountain, suggesting emotions peculiarly connected with the sound of falling water.

From the Palace I had a magnificent prospect further up the lake where it expands ; and as it was evening, the sun threw his dying glories on the sky, in the manner in which they are to be beheld only in Italy. With a feeling

of regret I bade the place adieu, and embarked to return (eight miles) to the town of Como.— Just as the darkness of the night set in, the full moon rose in all its splendour ; and as its rays tinged the mountain summits, the bells for vespers rung from every quarter ; the horns sounded to call in the vessels, and give notice of the shutting of the little ports ; the lake, from having been wrapt in nature's stillness, seemed for a moment enlivened with all the bustle of human life. But the sounds speedily passed away, and I had nothing but the dashing of the oars to interrupt my contemplation of the grandeur of the scene. The mountains cast their images in variety of colouring upon the broad bosom of the pure lake ; while the moon illuminated all the spires and walls of convents and churches erected upon the eminences, and at that moment filled with the voice of evening supplication.

It was impossible not to wish that the suppliant had been better instructed how to offer

their prayers ; and also that those who have the means of purer knowledge were as prompt and unwearied in the expression of their feelings. I never heard the note of vespers rung with so much effect as at this time. It was an unusual sound at any rate. In the United States we have not adopted even the curfew, or the passing bell.

Once indeed on a Saturday evening, not far from the banks of the river Connecticut, I heard in my walk the distant village bells giving the signal for the close of labour, and the promise of the day of rest. But I know of no other spot where they preserve even this relic of the world as it appeared to our fathers.

We have no doubt lost much in the association of kind and sacred feelings, by the neglect of these little reiterated appeals to the heart, which might, like the memory of the Ranz des Vaches to the Swiss soldier, be sweet for those to think upon who are forced to wander from

the banks of the Hudson to the Missouri—sweet for all who would tenderly cherish the charities of home. When the wild world would cheat them of peace on earth and in heaven, such may, by the association of a curfew with parental watchfulness, parental counsel, and parental prayers, have early lessons, and early resolutions recalled in the hour of danger. Blessed powers of memory and association!—by you manhood employs his strength,—to you age owes his experience,—and by your minute and imperceptible influences are our best emotions guided, and drowsy conscience aroused to do his office!

We need not fear that the people will ever again believe that the sound of a consecrated bell will drive away hateful Demons from a dying bed. Indeed, when I have seen the multitude at Rome, of every rank, uncover their heads in the street, as the bell for prayers rung at noonday, I have sometimes thought it desirable that Pro-

testants should have some such audible remembrancer of the duty of prayer and adoration.

But the chillness and loneliness of the night brought on a new train of reflection about the vanity of a stranger's pleasures, and the hazards of a stranger's wanderings. As I wrapt myself more closely in my cloak, having wearied myself in imagining the satisfaction which a narrative might one day give in that circle where I should not be a stranger ; I left my feelings to expatiate upon the simple delights of home, and natural affection, in comparison with which all other delights are but as scenes painted on the eye-ball, which do not reach the heart. There are few ties like those of consanguinity ; the best of our sympathies flow in that channel ; and when we wander farthest away, it is that we may better enjoy the repose of home.

Before I arrived at the town, I had turned my view from the beautiful lake, and magnifi-

cent mountains, and rich fields, and villas, exhibited in this mellow moonlight scene, to the enlivening anticipations of a safe return to country and friends, beyond the ocean.

## SAN MARINO.

SAN MARINO is distant thirteen miles from Rimini, a continual ascent ; for freedom has forsaken the plains of Italy, and found only one asylum upon a summit of the Appenines. The fertile fields are subjected to Austrian tyranny ; and a scanty return from the cultivation of vines and wheat is all that can be had in these higher regions.

This little republic is contained within thirty Italian miles of circumference, and has a population of about five thousand souls. Its government is vested in a council of seven hundred, who are hereditary, and are convened three or four times a year. For ordinary exigencies, there is a higher council, composed of forty members, also hereditary, who have the supreme

authority, and who may sentence to banishment or death.

This hereditary oligarchical system is likewise found in the most free republics of Switzerland, and agrees better with the state of ignorance in which the lowest class of society still is in Europe, than with our theoretical notions of political equality.

From the Council of Forty, two persons are selected as Chief Councillors; the principal one, Il Capitano, is President, to convene as well as preside. These two are changed every five months: a very necessary precaution, however injurious such a rotation might be in any critical emergency.

Bonaparte respected the rights of this little republic, while he was invading the ancient limits of the most powerful kingdoms. When his general officers visited it, having observed that the river Macera is the natural boundary of their territory, he offered to add to the state

what lies between, namely, the town of Vecchero, and the neighbouring fortress of St Leo.— This the Council wisely refused, answering that if it pleased his Majesty, they wished for nothing more than to preserve their liberty ; that their littleness was their security ; that it was better for them to remain as they had been for so many centuries ; since if they became considerable, they would soon be the objects of envy, hatred, and war, to their neighbours. Napoleon continued his protection, and gave them the right to receive their salt, wheat, tobacco, and other necessaries, free of duty.

All these privileges have been withdrawn by the present Pope, and he has even reclaimed those which his predecessors had granted. In 1818, after prosecuting this business at Rome, the ambassador Signore Onofrio thought he had succeeded, and was dismissed with the assurance that the necessary edict should be issued from Ravenna. But many months had

passed, and his Infallibility had not yet fulfilled his promise.

Their territory is completely surrounded by the Pope's ; so that if he be pleased to exact heavy transit duties for the foreign articles which they need, he may at any time reduce them to the greatest distress.

The city is divided by situation into an upper and lower town. The solitary mountain upon which it is located rises quite to a point, which is occupied by an ancient castle, now used as a prison. There was one person in confinement for a week at the time of my visit, for a theft of thirty sous. In its immediate vicinity is the edifice for public business ; the Cathedral, dedicated Patrono Libertatis ; the Collegio Baluzzi, founded by a citizen of this name, with the houses of the principal persons of the state, and two convents and churches of Capuchin and minor friars.

In the lower town, which is immediately at

the foot of the precipice, upon which is the Castle, and some hundred feet below it, live the artisans and shop-keepers.

In the little that a stranger could perceive of character in a passing visit, physiognomy would naturally be called in for aid, and fancy help out the lack of better means of investigation. By such assistance it was not difficult to discover an independence of action and feeling in these mountaineers, which would have befitted the ancient Romans. The people are poor, having no advantages of agriculture beyond what are necessary for their sustenance, and no commerce. It is with extreme difficulty that any thing more than a beast of burden can reach the dwellings where they are perched. And as liberty cannot subsist with an idle populace, the inhabitants of San Marino have full employment in seeking to supply the pressing wants of nature. The absence of a more bountiful provision for these necessities is well compensated

by the rich resources of a free spirit ; and their fire-side musings are invaluable, when compared with the scenes in the theatres of Venice and Florence. Even those of the lowest orders with whom I conversed, were far more intelligent than people of the same class at Rimini and Ancona. Such is the force of uncultivated intellect when frequently called into exercise. In a small state where all its concerns touch each individual, there is an impulse given to mind that would have remained dormant in other circumstances : the same man who is a passive functionary of police at Bologna, might be an active and intelligent citizen at San Marino.

But the government of this republic is as unlike that of our free American states, as the character of their people is different from ours. The general knowledge in the western communities, their enlightened moral principles, the habit of obedience to law only, and their acquaintance with constitutional authority, fit them for an ad-

ministration which would not agree with an ignorant or catholic population. Such an administration would speedily either raise them above an influence which harmonizes only with despotism, or would itself be vanquished by it. A slavish submission to human dictation, in reference to our opinions about a future world, prepares us for a like implicit reliance in the affairs of this life, upon those who are set above us, less by merit than by birth or wealth.

The citizen who informed me that there were thirty priests in this republic, exclaimed, "molto troppo;" and they are indeed "far too many," unless they had better occupation than to recite Latin prayers to the Queen of Heaven,—as this religion styles the Virgin—whom it would convert into a female Saviour.

But we must not forget that frequently these priests are the instructors of youth, as well as the ministers of religion; and it would be well if every state, upon the same population, sup-

ported as many for these two purposes, and sought to make them intelligent and zealous in dispelling ignorance, and eradicating wickedness.

In the Protestant cantons of Switzerland, so far as I could make an estimate upon this point, which is well worth minute investigation, and is a part of statistics in which political economists usually feel less interest than in the relative produce of wheat and potatoe cultivation, there is commonly one minister of religion to each thousand ; but his duties are then almost exclusively spiritual.

In those parts of the United States which border upon the Atlantic Ocean, running up from the Chesapeake Bay to the north-eastern boundary of the Union, if we include all acknowledged to be invested with a sacred character by the different sects of Christians, the least respectable of whom it would be too degrading to compare with the best of the wandering Italian

friars,—there must be about one pastor for each two thousand inhabitants. And these for the most part bear with them a wholesome moral atmosphere, and strong moral influences, although they have in different degrees the treasure of heavenly knowledge, and with a greater or less admixture of human error.

Beyond all others, it is this sort of influence which is pervading and all-powerful. The mass of every nation must be occupied in mechanical and agricultural employments ; their time for study is limited in the best instructed community ; their disposition necessarily restrained by want of leisure and bodily fatigue ; what is taught in the school and conversed about at home, is for children grown up, rather than for the instruction of men.

It is only, then, such popular assemblages as are commanded by our religion, and sanctioned by our habits, which can be the efficient organs

of conveying general knowledge ; and thus, in the very act of being prepared for another condition of existence, the whole tone of our present character is changed. The man who is accustomed to hear a detail of the evidences of divine revelation, a development of the seeds of evil which lurk in the human breast, a history of the means of relief which the Lord of Life has provided ; and who listens to these truths, no longer abstract, but enforced upon his conscience by all the appeals of a practical eloquence, which exposes the terrors of future punishment, and the hopes of endless blessedness, comes within a sphere of influence which elevates his understanding, and enlarges his heart.

He is a better citizen in proportion as he becomes a Christian, not merely because he is more submissive to law upon the injunction of conscience ; but also, because he is enlightened enough to see the human expediency of this same submission. He is no longer a passive in-

strument in the hands of a demagogue, nor driven at random by the blind impulse of his own passions ; but because he is instructed to consider the constitutions of Heaven, and excited to this study by the dread of eternal penalties ; so he is by this habit enabled to study the constitution of his country, to listen with deference to the wisdom that organized it, and to yield a rational obedience to its wholesome restrictions.

If it were not for the religious principle which has its hold upon the consciences of the majority of the inhabitants of the United States, we might expect to find that feeling which must ever exist—and ever have some channel by which to pass off—setting in motion mobs and orators, as full of tumult and anarchy as an Athenian assembly. But the social principle finds full room for operation in the exercises of social religion ; and how different a spectacle does that portion of the New World exhibit from what deformed the face of Pagan Greece !

No doubt, it were much better to have fewer sects and more Christianity ; fewer ignorant ministers of religion, and more zealous hearers ; but as all evils are comparative, so there are some diseases which betoken general health. That country would not be overrun with itinerant lecturers on astronomy, where the populace never studied the stars ; and if the citizens of the American republic were not anxious for Christian knowledge, there would not be so many teachers good and bad.

Public oral instruction was divinely instituted by Him who knew best the genius of his own religion. And certainly the most effectual of all inventions for breaking down the spirit of Christianity, and degrading those to whom it is sent, is to interdict in the people all exercise of the understanding ; and this is done so completely by the proud and exclusive Church of Rome, that the very prayers of its deluded votaries are offered up in an unknown tongue. There is rarely

a popular discourse addressed to a religious assembly, except during the season of Lent. Thus all the wide field which religion affords for human investigation, which alone has attraction enough in its sublime and fearful prospects to rouse the sluggish multitude, is almost as much concealed from their perception, and without practical effect upon their lives, as the fields and odours of Arabia Felix are from the wandering and frozen Laplander.

The peculiar excellence of Christianity, arising out of its universal influence in evolving intellect, and exciting dormant powers, and preparing the minds which have once been exercised about its truth, for all the lower studies of practical usefulness, deserves a volume, and is worthy of Milton's pen ; and the conformity of its unadulterated institutions to its mighty spirit, affords abundant scope for eloquent illustration.

But to turn from the features of moral interest, which are various and prominent at San Marino, to its natural situation. The prospect from its rocky summit is one of the most extensive and varied. The mountains form a magnificent back-ground, the ridge of the Appenines being very much broken ; and below, in the eastern direction, the richer plains are exposed and set off in fine contrast with the fruitful hills and barren precipices. The view embraces the coast of the Adriatic from the vicinity of Ravenna to Pesaro, the mountains of Urbino, the neighbouring Appenines, and the fortress of St Leo. The line of the river in its white bed produces a fine effect in the scene.

There was a cheering variety in the steep descent from this interesting eminence, which I

was the better prepared to enjoy, from having just quitted the monotonous plains of Lombardy. As the ravines opened to view, and the road was winding round the hills, the song from the fields at a little distance, struck my ear quite in unison with my feelings. The toils of agriculture promote the wholesome flow of spirits, and the joys of life ; and they may well sing, who, removed from the despotism which reigns below, occupy a small territory diligently cultivated. May it never become a prey to the rapacity of allied sovereigns ! It is enough that the King of Sardinia has Genoa ; and the Emperor of Austria, Venice ; and a Princess of Spain, Lucca ; and,—worthy compeer !—Ali Pacha, Parga, without the European continent losing this relick of ancient freedom, held inviolate even by Napoleon, though only from caprice, and not generosity. It alone was permitted to pretend to independence, when the Czar of Russia trembled at the look of the despot of

France. May it remain, as an altar of remembrance—a beacon-light, a lofty monument, upon which to set up and unfurl the standard of liberty, when the whole of Italy shall dare to be free.

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Having returned fatigued to Rimini, as I was sitting, in the evening, musing in my solitary apartment, I heard a female voice—the voice of a mother in the next room, instructing her child in its prayers. The circumstance was very simple ; but I was affected by it, and especially to perceive that the prayers were in Latin. I was anxious to indulge as much charity as truth will permit, or perhaps a little more, in estimating the feelings of devotion, possibly consistent with such unintelligent petitions.

How moving is always this proof of maternal solicitude ! How little piety is there in the world,

the seeds of which have not been gently sown by a mother's hand, and watered with her tears ! How wise is that law of our nature, which confides our infancy to the sex, which is the purest, the most disinterested, the most religious ! No sympathy and interest can exist like that which binds a mother to her offspring ; and no impressions are so deep, so difficult to be eradicated, as those which we have received from a mother's lips. Mungo Park, when he wandered in the deserts of Africa, was first pitied by female savages ; and there he might have observed more tenderness of conscience, more of the tendencies to religious exercises, than in the sterner and more perverse sex.

We hail it, then, as the great proof of melioration in society, and the pledge of rapid improvement, that mothers are becoming daily better fitted for the education of their children. It is female instruction which is the true standard of a nation's civilization, and which alone spreads

virtue and elegance over the whole of life, and carries into its recesses balm and odour, more precious than the Phoenix could have gathered in a century through the groves of Arabia, to build the nest in which she was soon to die.

## PESCHIERA.

THE recollections connected with Virgil, and the age of Augustus, gave way at once, when I came to the river Mincio from the sight of no unusual spectacle ; one which belongs to a train of reflection very different from that commonly excited by the Roman poet. As we entered the town of Peschiera, built at the point where the Mincio flows from the Lago di Garda, to wash the walls of Mantua, in the midst of a heavy shower of rain, we met a corps of soldiers bearing the body of an officer who had been drowned in the lake. His fellow officers, dressed in full uniform, and drenched in rain, marched with melancholy step, in time to slow music ; and their look was like the occasion—a mirror

to reflect how little it needs to spoil the pomp of men. The gay plumage, which had so often fluttered on their heads, in the parade and carnage of war, now waved heavily, as they advanced towards the spot, which is the end of the journey and cares of life.

I heard the spectators inquire what was the age of this unfortunate young Austrian, what his rank, and the circumstances of his fate, and “had he a wife or children?”—Ah! yes, thought I, had he a wife or children to weep for him? —No; but he had a mother, who was soon to hear, that, instead of being about to return to her, with his brow decorated with the wreath of laurel, he had been enwrapped in the bulrushes of the Mincio, and that he would return no more; that that portion of her life, which had wandered away in another body, was now extinct; and that his bones rest in a foreign land, who had left the place of his fathers’ sepulchre.

Such is this vision of existence: its best con-

nections are disparted as easily as the fitful associations which fancy links in sleep. It takes but one moment to separate us from all the world,—“for our life,” says Pindar, “is like the dream of a shadow,”—and to raise an impassable barrier against the flow of earthly sympathy.—This young man, full of the scenes of present enjoyment, had them all dissipated in an instant; and all the fires of passion quenched in these fatal waters.

“ By the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better :” the view of such a case of individual misery brings us to a sounder judgment of the relative value of the things of life. Of how little worth are all our reflections associated with Virgil, or—as it is to be feared that many who visit the Lago di Garda and promontory of Sermione, have most sympathy with the infamous Catullus,—of how little worth are all those feelings which are excited by the magic of Roman poetry, in comparison with one

sober reflection, one permanent conviction, that we may obtain, by believing the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, foot-hold, and place, and home, and joys, in the land which is invisible to the eye of flesh, and inhabited only by shadows, to the perception of natural fancy ; but which the light of revelation shews us to be overflowing with delights to those who do not “ deny the faith,” and inhabited by the myriads who have had the seal of eternity set upon them by their righteous Creator.

## VENICE.

THE scene from the main land, across the Lagoon towards Venice, reminded me of a distant prospect of New York, from the opposite bank of the Hudson. It was at a late hour that I finished my voyage from Padua, and reached the mouth of the Brenta. Just as the evening twilight was enshrouding its domes and spires in mistiness, I approached this ancient Queen of the Sea, whose power has waned and died, as of very dignity.

I had often, upon the water in my own country, in the damp summer evening, experienced the same physical sensations, and moral musings, which were now produced by the gliding of the boat through the smooth surface, when the de-

clining light above mingled imperceptibly in the dusky horizon with the dark waters. The hour, and sensations, and reflections, never agreed better with the distant scene. All the minute parts of Venice were veiled in a cloud of mist, like that which covers the secret history of her former glory. It was left to the imagination to conceive how a noon-tide sun would exhibit the magnificent spectacle of a city rising out of the ocean, adorned with churches and palaces, and rich with the splendid remains of the arts.

But should the light of truth, in like manner, unveil all the secret history of its Doges, all the enormities of aristocratical insolence, all the intolerance of senatorial pride, Venice,—human nature, would gain little by the exposure. For then, however we might reprobate the part which Austria and the other high allied powers of Europe have had in destroying such freedom as its former government allowed, perhaps we should be constrained to acknowledge that

the penalties of such crimes and profligacy, as have rendered this city for ages a loathsome and infectious depository of malignant moral poison, have justly called down the infliction she now endures ; and considering Venice as one great moral being, she ought righteously to be left to moulder in all her members in the face of the sun, to shew what is the end of a nation without religion, and a populace without virtue.

It is hard to fix a sentence of reprobation upon tens of thousands of immortal agents, endowed with reason for a guide ;—no doubt there are exceptions to all sweeping denunciations. Trajan was among the later Roman emperors, and Socrates among the Greek philosophers. But it is clear, that when Venice styled herself free, the mass of her population was loosened from all the restraints of moral principle ; and as to her politics, she counted it her privilege to gain by force what could not be had by right, and to sack the Greek isles, and govern Padua.

Still we would not at once divest ourselves of reverence for old age, even if it be wicked.—Grey hairs, though they cover a head which has reached the extremity of crime, may so far protect it from our scorn, as to make compassion predominant. We tremble, but cannot exult, when we see the infirmities and palsy which hang upon tottering senility: with awe at that irreversible adjudication which is near, we deliver up such a cause into the hands of the Judge of the Universe.

It were well if the politicians of our own time took the providence of the Governor among the nations for an element in their calculations, and believed that His justice is signally exhibited in the fate of Venice. The Holy Alliance,—the members of this high court of inspection over the rights of kings and privileges of people,—this sacred confederacy of five men who watch over the interests of fifty millions of subjects; and as if this were not enough, summon

other princes to answer at their tribunal, how they dare grant constitutional liberty to an oppressed nation, might perceive that the law which condemns Venice, and for the infraction of which she is now suffering, condemns Austria and Russia.

We cannot doubt that the work of penalty will go round ; and that the period is not distant, when these despotic governments must be modified, or must decay.

They have assumed a mighty responsibility who now tyrannize over Venice. This decrepit state did not deserve its present fate upon any other than moral principles : upon political grounds, it has been a disgrace to Europe to blot out this republic from the list of independent powers. Since it has been consigned to Austria, the *Teutonic* empire in Italy seems resolute in keeping watch over it, lest any one should attempt to re-animate its ashes. Every thing which might act as a moral corrective and regene-

rating principle is studiously guarded against as a supreme evil : all circulation of knowledge is interdicted, and free discussion put down per force. It was with great difficulty that upon crossing the Ticino, and entering the Lombard-Venetian kingdom, I could save my few travelling books from being seized and sent to Milan for censorship. Ignorance, which is the mother of Romish devotion, and slavish obedience, forms the chain upon which Austria depends to link the people with its “paternal” government. How great is the guilt of such an odious domination, which shuts out light and air from an infected prison, and stands guard over its captive !

I thought the inhabitants of the Milanese territory quite prepared for a change, as they are among the most enlightened of the Italians. Their vicinity to the Swiss republics gives them more political knowledge, while, in common with the whole of Italy, they feel their present degradation under the government of their German

neighbours, to be worse than subjection to a French yoke. I often heard the comparison made between submission to a barbarian and a civilized master.

But whencesoever light is to arise—and had it not been for Austria, it might have shined ere now—the Venetians are like other men, and improvable by the same moral means. If the changes which are pointed out by the general knowledge of the age had been effected in the administration of their government, a new system introduced into their schools and prisons, and a gradual license to free inquiry granted as the desires of the people enlarged ; though this city could never become again mistress of the commerce of the Indies and Archipelago, yet, what is much better, her children might be in a course of training, to become enlightened, and free, and moral. But so long as Austria governs as at present, Venice must shock the moralist by her impurity, and the mere politician by her

want of the patriotic principle, and energetic character.

How unlike to these reflections are those which are excited in approaching the metropolis for the commerce of the western world, where New York rises out of the waters, not enshrined in any ancient glories, in no sort decorated with fanciful images, not even adorned enough to satisfy an imagination, craving more than the elegance of ordinary life ;—but which, as the residence of more than one hundred thousand people, active, laborious, enlightened, free, and in the main religious, exhibits the wonderful spectacle of what human energy and ingenuity can produce in less than two centuries. Fleets now ride where lately an Indian canoe but seldom floated ; and an island recently covered with a forest, is now filled with the habitations of men.

We go in this contrast from the decrepitude of immoral old age, to the force and vitality and sprightliness of youth. Whatever drawback

our vices may require from allowable self-gratulation at this specimen of present attainment, and promise of farther improvement, we may safely infer that there is an atmosphere which suits man,—and that the religious and political freedom which abounds in the western republic, is the most important element of that atmosphere. May the example not be quite lost upon Italy herself; when the Germans shall find that they have business enough at home in reforming their own government, and leave Venice to pursue the regenerating principles which can alone make her citizens worthy of the delightful region in which they live.

## THE TYROL.

It was in the month of April that I journeyed from Italy, by the passage of the Tyrol. Soon after leaving Verona, we entered into the defile, and travelled along the left bank of the Adige, which now rolled rapidly, being swollen by the melting of the snows. The mountains approach very near to each other ; and we presently beheld the glistening covering of their Alpine summits.

Rivoli, so famous as a battle-ground, and scene of the French victories, was the first remarkable object. The plain, though very narrow, affords support for a numerous and most hardy population, who signalized themselves all over the world by their animated resistance to their new northern invaders.

The desolations of war were yet visible in 1818, in the ruined houses and deserted fields. Experience has rooted from the minds of the people here that preference for the authority of their ancient rulers, which subjected them to such frightful ravages. In common with their German brethren, the Tyrolese have found that the promises by which they were roused to their bloody resistance of Bonaparte's domination were altogether fallacious ; that the pledge of constitutional government and light taxation is to be redeemed only by force ; and that the leagues of 1813 and 14 were only compacts between several less powerful tyrants, against one mighty despot.

The nations of Germany came forth in their uncontrollable strength when the call was to protect their native soil against foreign invasion ; and they rolled back the torrent which was overwhelming Europe. Their sacrifices were to have been recompensed by general freedom, for

the shade of which they yet look in vain. But they have been taught a lesson about their own force, when united, that they will not soon forget ; and their kings, and electors, and dukes, must discover before long, that it is enough that their subjects consent to receive constitutions, rather than to dictate them. The Tyrolese could not now be excited to a simultaneous resistance of French tyranny.

The benefit of Bonaparte's strong power is everywhere to be discerned in Italy. If his was despotism, it was impartial and unyielding ; it kept the bandit from his prey, if it forced the conscript on his march ; and in the scene of extraordinary activity which the continent of Europe exhibited when the din of arms was heard from Archangel to Naples, all found employment and wealth, and counted themselves sufficiently rewarded for the loss of ease and quietness.

This novel scene had an effect quite intoxicating.

cating upon a people whose energies had not been roused for centuries, and even the Lazzaroni of Naples slept with a good heart upon the snows of Russia.

The petty tyranny of petty dukes reigning over a single city was so vexatious, that nothing worse could be devised ; and the change to Napoleon's calculating policy, which engulfed Parma, and Modena, and Monaco, in the kingdom of Italy, and French empire, was hailed as a general good.

The inhabitants of the Tyrol partake strongly of the general discontent, very observable over the face of Europe. They are a people simple in their habits and wants ; fit residents of this picturesque region, and a curious link between the German and Italian nations. They seem to possess a large portion of the good qualities of each. There is much honesty and persevering spirit, united with much sprightliness and ingenuity. It is the only part of the world where

I have seen the love of finery prevail most with the male sex. The men's broad ornamented belts having place for a knife, or some more deadly weapon, when contrasted with their hats decorated with gay-coloured ribbons, had a very ludicrous air.

The superstition of the inhabitants here exceeds in its painful exhibitions any thing that I elsewhere witnessed. Large crucifixes are hung up on the roads, which, by their shocking carving and colouring, are so hideous, that upon the score of taste we should cast them down, even if religious feeling did not require it. These representations come about as near the truth, as the souls that we often see flaming in wood and red paint from purgatory. Can such things belong to a system of true devotion ?

I fell into the company of a Catholic priest, with whom I travelled to Roveredo from Verona, who was, like most of his order, neither very learned, nor yet very ignorant ;—sufficient-

ly well bred to seek to give pleasure to a stranger, and well acquainted with the curious objects after which I inquired.

The postilion, taking me to be a heretic from my air, was at the pains to tell me that he did not like priests ; but after the manner of the greater part of the lower class of the Italians, he treated the ecclesiastic with great obsequiousness when present.

The mountain on the opposite bank of the Adige rose majestically from the brink of the river, which it almost overhung. Upon asking the name of the summit, I found that it was called "the Hermitage of the Angels"—"where," said the priest, "a hermit once lived, who was fed by the angels. Such reports are believed in these parts, though it is not essential that they be received by every good Catholic."

I seized the occasion to express the opinion, that it would be much better to teach the people from the Sacred Scriptures, than from these

legends, giving them the Bible in the vulgar tongue, and inciting them to read it.

“ Ah !” exclaimed he, “ that is the heresy of heresies,—the prime heresy of Luther and Calvin, which has rent the bowels of the Catholic church, and created sects in all parts of Christendom.”

I found it in vain to attempt to reason with a man so prejudiced, whose consecration oath bound him to obedience to his superior, else I would have told him that it is better to move in bye-paths, than to perish in the main road ; and that the right of private judgment, *according* to the Scripture, does not release us from the obligation of obedience to this infallible standard.

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The town of the most importance in the whole length of this narrow valley, from Verona to Inn-spruck, is Trent, famous as the seat of the great Ecclesiastical Council. The air of the place was very gloomy, and I remained in it no longer than was necessary to see the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, where the authorities of the Roman church had been convened to legislate for the world.

It was here that the Papacy came to maturity ; and the wide mantle which covered its abuses stretched till it rent. Whether of the two Catholic historians, we take Pallavicini or Sarpi for our guide through the sinuosities of these councils, we must see that neither the spirit of purity nor peace rested upon this assemblage of cardinals, and priests, and monks ; and that their first endeavour was to give as little place to reform, as the extending knowledge of the sixteenth century might permit. They denied the Scriptures to the laity, and marriage

to the priests, and whatever else might tend to emancipate the people, and substitute enlightened devotion in the stead of their attachment to vain austerities.

It was a great occasion lost for removing the rust contracted in the course of ages, and for presenting Christianity anew to the world, as a majestic edifice built up of lasting truths around an altar kindled with fire from heaven.

But the Holy Temple was not to be reared by such defiled hands as then held dominion : the hearts that were cloaked over with cardinals' garments never rose to so lofty a design. Crimes justified—abuses perpetuated—truth opposed,—such is the history of this last great Popish Council.

The spirit of our age runs strongly to the point of indifference to the peculiarities of all sects of Christians. They who reflect in the least upon the matter, are more anxious to attend to the articles in which all agree, than to those in

which they differ. But it is not to be questioned, that while this feeling is better than violent bigotry, there are articles of substantial difference where neutrality is treason to the cause of truth. It may seem like attempting to raise a cry which has gone down, to declare that such are many of the grounds of division between Protestants and Papists.

The notion of liberality has so far possessed those who influence public opinion, that we often now find the Reformers themselves rather arraigned as criminals to be pardoned, because in the heat of controversy they sometimes offended against charity,—than counted noble champions against whatever degraded human reason, and destroyed divine religion. Thus the manner in which the history of Servetus has been served up to suit the palate of human malignity has been made to weigh more against Calvin, than all his unwearied labours and countless sacrifices, caused by the purest disinterestedness and

most ardent love of God and man, are suffered to do in his favour. The advocates of indifference do not tell us that persecution was the unhappy spirit of the age ; that it infected magistrate and people ; that the free cities of Germany and many cantons of Switzerland, petitioned the municipality of Geneva to do what Calvin did not, perhaps could not, hinder. They assert that Servetus was burnt by Calvin.

The event is to be deplored : we would plead for the free conflict of truth with error, unaided by civil penalties : we feel that truth needs only open field and sunshine. But Calvin is not to be censured exclusively for a mistake common to all his contemporaries ; nor ought the fangs of his enemies to be allowed to fasten upon the single error of his life.

The Roman Catholic faith is so much improved by the indirect influence of Protestantism, that it ought never to be judged of in a Protestant country. We hear of many palliations of

its practices. It is said that prayers to the Virgin and Saints are offered to them as mediators, not as gods; yet we have but to see the mass of the people in any Catholic nation, to know that the saints and angels have taken the place of the *Dii minores et tutelares* worshipped by their Pagan ancestors. At one time, the traveller sees a statue of the Virgin and Child with a large bunch of grapes, represented after the manner of Pomona, and at another, temples dedicated *Divo Francisco*

We know that the Carnival was admitted into the church, because the Saturnalia were never forced out of it. And those who may have the good or evil fortune to see the asses, and mules, and horses at Rome, (some of them sent by cardinals and princes), sprinkled with holy water, in the name of St Anthony, as I did, may think that the august Spirit of Christianity must long since have fled from so disgusting a spectacle.

The present Roman Pontiff may have partaken of the mild spirit of the age, but he has none of its illumination ; and while we commend the retired devotion of the monk, we deplore the superstition of the Pope, and the despotism of the Sovereign. No man has a right to receive the investiture of civil authority, who devotes himself to the observances of solitary religion ; and though Cardinal Consalvi may be an able deputy, it were better to disrobe churchmen before they are girded with the sword.

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I left the walls of Trent with joy, for the green fields, and sunshine, and song of birds, and mountain torrents, and the last traces of snow which fringed their sources, and all the other indications of nature reviving in the beauty of spring.

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Innspruck is a large and fine town upon the banks of the Inn ; it has at times been the residence of a little court, which has left many traces of urbanity among its inhabitants.

Halle, situated at a few miles distance, was crowded with its annual fair, when I rambled so far to see its salt mines. These are in the mountains ; and though of less extent than those of Salzburg, are yet very curious. The water, impregnated with the salt, is conducted for miles from the springs to the river side, where the facility of obtaining wood has induced them to fix their furnaces. The salt is a government monopoly. In following the sources of the springs into the mountain, and endeavouring to come at the reservoirs of water, they have mined to a great depth. These extensive caverns were at this time fitted up for an illumination, on the occasion of a visit of the Archduke Regnier, then on his way to Milan, to govern the Italian territories of his imperial brother.

The mountains here are so high and rugged, that eagles build in their sides. I saw the poor people clambering up the precipices, on the difficult enterprize, of robbing the nests of the king of birds.

THE  
**RHINE AND CONSTANCE.**

SOON after descending from the Alps, which divide the Tyrol from the northern Cantons of Switzerland, I came upon the banks of the Lake of Constance. Having just before seen the sun reflected from the perennial veil of snow which lies upon their lofty summits, I now beheld the evening rays at Bregenz, glittering in the undulating wave.

The feeling of loneliness has seldom more completely absorbed me, than in my journey from Innspruck towards these beautiful banks. The mountains so precipitous, the vales so narrow, the road so winding, the people so rude—all combined to give a solitary American tra-

veller the sentiment that many hearts, cold to the throbbing of his, interposed between himself and home ; and that many difficulties stood, like the immense masses of rock, which shut in his way, only to be overcome by personal and persevering exertion.

It was upon a Sabbath afternoon, in the valley of Nassereit, that I walked out into the fields, at some distance from the village, having just left the church, in which the superstitions of the Catholic faith were exhibited in their grossest form. Pursuing a pathway beside a rapid torrent, I reflected much upon the different scenes which they were in the midst of, who had the sympathy of nature, and the sympathy of faith with one so far away ; and how grateful they should be, who have their parentage and habitation fixed by the divine goodness near a purified sanctuary, and within the hearing of heavenly wisdom.—Almost unconsciously I had reached an eminence, whence the opposite moun-

tain in this narrow plain rose abruptly, and perceived that I was standing by the inclosure of the field of burial for the people of this little town. The grave-stones were set up rudely as are the dwellings of the living, but form as certain memorials, as those monumental marbles that are found in cities, of the grief from which none of our race is exempted.

Who, in such circumstances, could fail to make vows of penitence in sight of the All-pervading Spirit, or hesitate to pray for a "better resurrection," through the grace and might of the Saviour of sinners?

Some days afterwards, when I came down "once more upon the waters," it seemed a liberation from enthralment, for it brought the apparent means of a return to country and friends more immediately within controul. This sentiment was quickened when I arrived at the Rhine, here a little brook; but the dashings of whose flowing element, in one long-continued

channel, were descending to mingle with the Atlantic waves.

It quickens the imagination like a picture of spring, or a scene of infancy, to stand at the head of a mighty river, and trace the wanderings of its rapid current ; the spring draws after it a whole year of varied incident ; infancy is before a life of action. Above all, the mighty Rhine, which rolls past so many castles where the dreams of superstition, and nursery tales of horror, have had their origin ; which refreshes so many fields, that nature has dressed out in beauty, and man drenched in blood ; which enlivens so many cities celebrated from the most ancient time, may well affect any one who treads its banks with poetical associations. It has the real and imaginative of human life in one picture, and like its own beautiful vineyards may be a source of wild inspiration ; or, like the scene of Luther's trial, since its waters wash the walls of Worms, may excite our sobered reli-

gious reflection ; or, as what passes the sands of Holland is lost in the ocean, it may lead us to consider, that however large a space we occupy in this world, the earth will soon lay claim to its portion of us, and the rest be merged in the ocean of eternity.

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Constance owes its principal celebrity to the Council which was convened here ; when three Popes, at the same time, sat in St Peter's chair, and scandalized all Europe by their quarrel. Here John Huss and Jerome of Prague were martyred. The town has never flourished since ; and now numbers scarcely more inhabitants than edifices.

My journey to Schaffhausen lay along the road, from which we see the spot identified with

the most interesting recollections which history has connected with Constance. It was on a bright morning, in the earliest part of May, that I visited the beautiful meadow which was the scene of John Huss's martyrdom. I had before, with the zeal of a devotee, taken a relic from a garment said to have been his, which is preserved in the hall of the castle where the trial was held. The stillness of nature, the song of birds, and beauty of flowers, as I passed over this field, were in affecting contrast with the demoniacal uproar that it exhibited in 1415, when the Bohemian Apostle was led forth to offer up his life for the faith of Jesus.

Ah ! how well was it to have made such a sacrifice to secure an immortal mansion ! What would it have been to him *now*, if he had received the triple crown as Rome's sovereign in reward of disloyalty to his heavenly Lord ? How little are those moments of anguish to be com-

pared to the centuries of blessedness he has since enjoyed, while, from the celestial height, where among "the cloud of witnesses," floating in the azure of heaven, he has looked upon this field of his agony? And yet even four centuries of blessedness are as nothing, when compared with the circling ages of everlasting beatitude.

Who, in the sight of such a memorial, would dare to sacrifice to momentary passion the sense of duty to Him who made us;—the sense of conscience to Him who died that we might be saved; and fail in prayer, that *the Spirit* that gave more than mortal power to the heart of his ancient servant, may grant unto us, if not through the same trial, at least the same victory of faith?

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The ride is very beautiful from Constance to Schaffhausen. The banks of the Rhine are prettily wooded, and the stream not yet so large as to injure the picturesque appearance of each side. It was evening before I reached the town, whose celebrated waterfall is the principal attraction to the traveller

To it I was led the next day, through vineyards and fertile fields, and looked down upon its tumbling foam from a precipice of about sixty feet. It is a majestic cataract, capable of exciting profound interest, even in those who are least liable to be affected by nature's works.

Yet there is something, in a waterfall especially, which demands the solitariness of nature; we wish to scramble over rocks and through glens, until we approach the gulf, which seems in moving torment, like a strong man in the agonies of death; or from a projecting cliff, with almost unsteady hand and eye, we would look forth upon the descending flood.

Here, on the contrary, from a trim little box of a garden and the window of a tea-room, dexterously perched upon the best site of observation, you behold the Falls of Schaffhausen.

True, if such a thing were done at Niagara, it would all be lost in the astounding uproar; every surrounding object is forgotten, when we see a river, which is more than two miles wide a little above, narrowed into a breadth of three quarters of a mile, and sent down in one sheet of one hundred and sixty-five perpendicular feet into the profound abyss.

But Schaffhausen cannot afford such a diminution of its grandeur, as the minuter works of art produce when thus intruded amid the sublimer works of nature.

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In pursuing my journey to Zurich, I descended upon the Rhine as far as Eglisau, enjoying the sight of its numerous windings and varying prospects. One of the most remarkable objects in this course is Rhinau, at two leagues distance from Schaffhausen, an Abbey of Benedictine Monks, built upon a little island in the midst of the river. It was founded as long ago as 778, by one of the ancestors of the Guelph family, which has since given kings to Great Britain, and remains an interesting monument of the superstition of former times, and mausoleum for some of its learning. Its ancient turrets and time-beaten walls, recall vividly to mind the period when the crosier and the sword were worn together by warring bishops, and the coat of mail was often substituted in the fierce contests of ambition, for the lawn of spiritual authority.

## GENEVA.

GENEVA, situated at the outlet of its most beautiful lake, in the most picturesque region of the world, has become invested with a moral interest, of such a glowing kind, as belongs to no other spot in Europe. We come to it, not as to a monument to be reverenced, but as to a retreat to be beloved ; we regard it not with awe, but affection ; we have a home-feeling here which is never possessed at Rome or Athens.

Its ancient character is far less considered than its present ; we think little of the encampment of Julius Cæsar, when we enter the dwelling-place of those whose eloquence and sentiment have peopled this region with recollections which are good and bad in about equal propor-

tion. We cannot resist the effect produced by the fascination of sophistical sentiment in Rousseau, even though he has himself shewn us his most corrupt heart; nor the brilliancy of Voltaire, since we have seen the fruit of his atheistical principles. But before these men of genius and hardy impiety decked the fields in which they walked with the graces of accomplished intellect, and gave them a sort of companionship in their elevation, Geneva was the seat of letters, the chief city of free and enlightened Switzerland. A variety of causes tended to give it this pre-eminence; and among them, the principal is, that it so early embraced the Reformation. It thus became a city of refuge for the persecuted from all the nations of Europe. There are few of the conspicuous families now at Geneva, who do not trace their lineage to noble ancestors, who fled from Italy or France, and exchanged rank and false religion at home, for quietness and peace of conscience in this

free city. Their numbers were so great that of themselves they formed a little world, in which each, with diminished wealth, but with relatively increased consequence, took his place, and added his light, until Europe looked upon this spot as the centre of civilization,—the learned city—the sphere of a constellation, made up of stars, many of which might singly have been the boast of kingdoms.

In proportion to its population, there is at Geneva much fewer of that class we call the lowest, than in the other cities of Switzerland, or indeed in any city in the world which is not professedly the seat of a university, whence all but learned men are excluded.

Even those who are from necessity confined to mechanical employments, have a desire for general knowledge not to be perceived elsewhere. I accidentally heard, in the work-shop of a watchmaker here, a discussion among the mechanics about the authority of the Dean of

the University, which exhibited intelligence and acuteness far beyond the ordinary range of men of this station.

Before the middle of the eighteenth century, they were the most religious, as well as best informed community in Europe. Indeed, it may fairly be supposed that religion and intelligence must go together in the lower orders, and that enlightened religion alone can make an enlightened populace. Weaker motives than such as a future life presents, will not overcome the inertness produced by bodily labour, and induce the habit of redeeming time from repose to be expended in gaining knowledge.

The spirit of inquiry, which had become habitual, was made by Voltaire, when he took up his residence at Ferney, the instrument of introducing his licentious opinions ; and he wrote tracts abounding in immorality and impiety, which he circulated in all the work-shops with the industry of a fiend. I shall not disgrace my

page by naming the sort of composition which the historian of Louis XIV. had the impudence to avow and print. It was proved that he could count well upon the seeds of depravity in the breasts of his readers ; for his sentiments became popular at Geneva, and continue so to this hour.

It is cheering, however, to know, that the Spirit of Truth, who works when and by what means he will, is at last counteracting these evils, and that the self-same printing-press, which was employed by Voltaire at Ferney to disseminate his abominations, is now removed to Geneva, and, under the guidance of those who "fear God and hate evil," is used to multiply copies of the Scriptures and religious tracts, which, under the divine blessing, will purge out infidelity and all its train of corruptions.

What Rousseau published under the style and title of *Citizen of Geneva*, was to be studied by his fellow-citizens, who took a pride in this

wonder of the age; and while the father was admiring the Contract Social, the daughter was preparing herself for a mother's duties by weeping over the Nouvelle Heloise.

It was not to be expected, that the mass of his readers should separate truth from falsehood, or distinguish between axioms which were pronounced with eloquence, and the confident assertion which covered his ignorance, or not confound his noble spirit of independence with his licentious doctrines and immoral practices. His opinions have generally been taken in their sum total; such as when this self-contradicting philosopher affirms that "Christianity is a religion, true and divine," and that "it is impossible to believe its dogmas," and that wherever we are born, whether under the Lama of Thibet, or the Impostor of Mecca, or the Author of the only true religion, we must obey that which rules in our native country.

The inconclusive reasonings, and brilliant

theories of the author of *Emile* have not been without a tendency quite obvious in producing the present religious character of Geneva. The name of Christian, indeed, has not been thrown off; but from the majority the spirit of Christianity has fled with the profession of its peculiar doctrines. All that is distinctively Christian in our divine religion, such as the dignity of its Author, his existence before he appeared on earth "for us men and our salvation," the necessity which the depravity of human nature has produced for divine interference in its behalf, and all that belongs, not to Calvinism simply, but to Christianity, has passed away before the chilling influence of Arian and Socinian dogmatism; until professors, who sit in the seat of public instruction, have declared it to be a matter of indifference what we believe to be His attributes, to whom the church has ever offered its adoration.

Dr Priestley, with characteristic candour, has

affirmed, that if his sentiments be true, the Christian world has been for centuries in the practice of idolatry ; but the doctors at Geneva imagine themselves capable of reconciling the most contradictory extremes. And as it is not necessary to dive deep into the mysteries of things indifferent, many of them have given up the study of divine wisdom for the pursuit of human literature.

The religious character of the pastors at Geneva has recently been tried, and their principles stand before the world in bold relief, in the experience of the last five years. Arian opinions have infected a majority of them. The spread of error may be traced chiefly to the pride of human learning. More than half a century ago, some of the ministers began to feel themselves honoured by Voltaire's correspondence, in the same way as that distinguished character Principal Robertson permitted the profaneness of Hume to be familiarly expressed to him, as if ta-

lent alone could be a basis for friendship between a reverend minister of Edinburgh, and a scoffing infidel.

The consequence of this alliance, and of the example of great men, has been much the same in Scotland and in Switzerland. The learned and eloquent Principal was long the head of a party who brood over the church, too many of them without zeal for its spiritual interests, or solicitude for the spread of Christianity over the world:—"moderate," indeed, in every good design, but fierce enough in restraining the christian ardour of their brethren.

It had long been much questioned how far error had laid hold of the people of Geneva; and they who had studied the history of the Reformation, were curious to know the state of religious opinion on the spot where it was cradled. From the time that the exiles in Queen Mary's reign found an asylum in the neighbourhood of these Alps, the English churches especially have

felt a deep interest in the affairs of this city, and an enlivening affection for those who stand upon a soil so sacred. It was with many enthusiastic emotions that I came as to a place of rest in pilgrimage, to the city of Farel and Viret, Beza and Calvin.

I then personally observed a set of facts which offer a full exemplification of the principles of the majority of "the Venerable Company of Pastors."

In 1816, Mr Malan was a minister in this church, and also a regent in the college. He had become convinced that the ancient doctrines, as expressed in the Helvetic and French Confessions of Faith, were the truths which the Bible teaches, and which it belongs to the ministers of the gospel conscientiously and at all hazards to support. Since the Company of Pastors has grown so liberal as to require no signature to their constitution, he might have wavered to his dying hour, without an external necessity for

decision. And since this same Company has *improved* its version of the word of God, if he had become Arian, he might have lived unmolested and honoured to the end of his days. But, alas ! for his repose—he became a Calvinist. His preaching of course partook of the complexion of his opinions ; but the free expression of them in the pulpit where Calvin and Beza had preached, was at once considered a monstrous heresy by the aged doctors, who immediately published a law requiring all ministers not to touch upon the doctrines of our Saviour's divinity, of human depravity, the influence of the Divine Spirit, and the perseverance of the saints. One of the leaders in this matter had already affirmed in a sermon, that it did not concern us to know whether Jesus Christ were divine or not.

Upon his refusal to sign this “ *reglement*,” Mr Malan was silenced. The company afterwards offered some explanation of their law, de-

claring that they meant not to forbid the expression of a belief in these doctrines, but the treating them in the spirit of controversy in the pulpit. With this understanding Mr Malan signed the law, and recommenced preaching, but was soon after silenced positively and finally, his doctrines being past endurance.

In a court composed of more than twenty ministers of the gospel, but five or six could be found to dissent from this example of ecclesiastical tyranny. Mr Malan, for a time, quietly endured the oppression ; for though silenced in the canton, he could preach in the neighbouring districts of Switzerland. The Church of Lausanne had already shown itself discontented with the arbitrary measures in reference to his case.

But the men who professed themselves indifferent to confessions of faith and religious opinions, or rather violently inimical to these barriers against the influx of error, as being inter-

ruptions to free discussion and christian fellowship, could not stop here in their persecution of a christian brother.

Mr Malan was still regent in the college, from which he derived means, not superabundant, for the support of himself, his wife, and four children. The rector and professors all acknowledged the singular ability which he possessed for the duties of his office, and his uncommon aptitude, in a most affectionate manner, to instruct the scholars committed to his care. But though well learned in Greek and Latin, unfortunately, as they thought, he had learned those heretical doctrines which are found in the public confessions of all the reformed churches ; and being a Calvinist, he was not to be permitted to remain in the university which Calvin founded, and where his laws, framed two centuries ago, are still in force.

They accordingly began by expressing their surprise that he used the Bible in the religious

instruction of his class, and that he did not confine himself simply to their catechism. He answered that he made no change in the formula, but that in developing its principles, he taught truths which were not contained in it. Upon their demanding what were his principles, he declared them to be entirely Calvinistic, and that he taught according to Calvin's catechism.

After some delay, "la Vénérable Compagnie Académique" commanded him to conform himself strictly to their catechism, and to give no further development to its meaning. To this he replied, by asking them to examine whether his development contradicted their doctrines, affirming that he could not conscientiously change their nature. Upon the receipt of this letter, the Company dismissed him from his office, without further explanation.

It was necessary, before this decree could take effect, that it should be sanctioned by the

Council of State. To this supreme tribunal Mr Malan presented a memorial, in which, among other things, he shows that it was impossible that he should express either his assent or dissent in respect to the opinions of his superiors in the Venerable Company, until they should give him some clue to comprehend their system. He knew, because he had himself heard from their own mouths, that some of them denied the divinity of Christ and original sin, and others the influences of the Spirit ; the greater number, salvation by grace ; and since they were continually opposed to each other, he might, by seeking to please one, displease the rest. He stated that if they would designate any confession, he could decide ; but that while they kept him in ignorance, he must follow his conscience, which assented to the confession of faith of the Helvetic churches, which had been acknowledged and sworn to by all the Protestant Cantons.

His letter, which is addressed according to the style which their usage demands—"To the Magnificent Council of State of the Republic Canton of Geneva,"—concludes in these words: " I most respectfully entreat your lordships to weigh well both the nature of my obligations and the conduct which I have pursued ; and to assure yourselves by examining the letters which I have addressed to the Venerable Company, that I do not contradict the constitution which recognizes the reformed religion, nor the Ecclesiastical canons with which I am absolutely in conformity in doctrine ; nor the rules of the Venerable Company, who, by their renunciation of every confession of faith, cannot, without persecution, condemn any one."

The Council of State confirmed the unjust decree, and thus deserves part of the opprobrium of this act of persecution and tyranny.

This history of the " Acts and Proceedings" of the moderate party in the Church of Geneva,

will give a better insight into their religious character, than any general description. I find no fault with any man for changing his principles upon good reason given, and his own conscience is to be supreme judge of the reason. The pastors of Geneva may become Arians or Socinians, if they please ;—to their own Master they stand or fall ;—but let them avow their heresy, and no longer pretend to belong to that church of Christ from which they have separated. They must not hypocritically present themselves to our view, under the ancient and honourable garb in which we have been accustomed to behold reformers and learned doctors. They are no longer of that Church of Geneva which we have been used to venerate as the body which owned such members as Pictet, and Turretini, and Diodati.

I do not object to Mr Malan's being divested of his charge, if it had been done in an open manner : it is but reasonable that parents should

be anxious to have their children instructed in their own principles. But we can discern in this account many of the most offensive features of religious persecution.

The Council of State have recently become tired of their ecclesiastical advisers : they have given Mr Malan permission to build a chapel beyond the walls, where he now exercises his ministry, and is doubtless to be one important instrument in renovating the face of this most interesting portion of the Christian world.

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The society at Geneva is of that polished character which naturally belongs to its cultivated inhabitants. There is a sociability, and air of kindness, which give it a powerful charm, even to a passing stranger ; and yet none of that familiarity which sometimes shocks us in inter-

course with people of a small or provincial town. There is scarcely an evening in the week, in which some lady does not hold her soirée, at which you find not only the lighter folk who float around a drawing-room, but also the most grave and learned professors, whose scientific attainments fill Europe with their name. The deep researches which have occupied their morning, only render them the more disengaged for the evening circle ; and when science is thus introduced, it is without dogmatism or ostentation.

It at first struck me with some surprise to observe this ease of society, this absence of pretension in men well known to fame ; and I compared it with the air of assumed consequence which sciolists have often exhibited to my eye, because they have read a few pages of what these men have written. The real possessor of knowledge does not require to be approached with the feeling of a worshipper advancing to the Grand Lama ; he has those intrinsic qua-

lities which can bear rigid examination ; Pictet and Prevost do not hesitate to enter where they can be measured by ordinary men.

This sort of society, then, has the greatest possible interest ; and in no city on the continent can an American spend his time with so much profit as well as satisfaction. The manners are more like those of his native country, than any where else out of England. Indeed, I know not how much of Mr Hume's doctrine of cause and effect may be applied to the fact, but it seems to me that good domestic society is seldom found out of the region where tea is the prevailing beverage ; and although we cannot suppose that this herb has much that is intellectual in it, or that we import our ideas from China, yet it can be explained how the feeling of home and quiet society should become associated with a refreshment which collects an unceremonious family circle at an hour when the more serious occupations of the day are over.

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According to your taste, you may select in these parties the style of conversation which you prefer ; for the politics of France are discussed in one corner of the drawing-room ; and in another, the domestic economy of the industrious bees ; one lady criticises the last new poem, while her neighbour descends to the more easy topic of how the colours of her dress are to be adapted to her complexion.

The general acquaintance of the Genevese with the literature of the English language, adds so much to the number of subjects which a stranger holds in common with the friends who receive him kindly, that we are soon placed at our ease after a first introduction. For when we have dilated to the full upon the beauty of the lake and the *belles horreurs* of Chamouni, we are answered by an eloquent expression of admiration of the literature of our native language, and a criticism on Scott, and Byron, and Campbell.

No where in the world is intercourse so easy with the living oracles of wisdom, as well as with those possessed of the lighter accomplishments. Geneva is so much the resort of learned and noble strangers, that it is almost like making a tour through many countries, to have spent a month in this city. If you seek for some one well acquainted with the Polish constitution, or the condition of the people of Moscow, or Edinburgh, or of the North American Indians, you may find at the first turn persons competent to satisfy an enlightened curiosity. I select my examples not at hazard, but from what I have seen in a single coterie.

Besides, the Genevans themselves very frequently devote many years of their youth to foreign travel, and possess that lively interest in foreign persons and objects which enables them to value these associations. It is sometimes quite like being admitted to a congress of delegates from many nations, to be one of a circle at

the houses of the learned professors in its famous university.

The simplicity and frugality of the town have recommended it as a place of instruction for young men from very remote parts, and are such as may surprise one accustomed to the brilliancy and expense of Paris. But when we learn to estimate true worth, whatever be its garb, we shall think that a competent share of exterior elegance is here combined with the invaluable qualities of knowledge, benevolence, and virtue. For, in comparison with their neighbours, the Genevese are a most virtuous people ; their morals have been injured by the contamination of French society, and after they were added to the Empire, by the dissolute officers of the Imperial army. But they are recovering from this evil ; and their political abhorrence of what is French, will aid them to see more clearly that nothing can be more degrading to their canton, since the Helvetic confederation has been re-

newed, than to foster, or even endure, the vices of the late period of French tyranny.

Military men at best are not often the most moral part of the community ; but the instruments of Bonaparte's despotism seem to me the furthest removed from all restraints of principle or feeling. The evils which they brought upon Geneva by their intercourse are well known ; and wherever I have met them in any part of Europe, they have exhibited a pretty uniform character of selfishness, covered with the thin veil of professed kindness, connected with the most unprincipled libertinism avowed and openly practised. It is horrible to hear their creed, if that can be called a creed, which is made up of negatives and denials : for example, that Christianity is false ; that our souls die with our bodies ; that the possession of passions is good warrant for their gratification ; that the little crimes of man against man are not noticed by his Creator, if indeed such an august Being

exist ; and that there is no moral obligation which does not arise out of human expediency. All arguments from law are of no avail with him who has been so long accustomed to the argument of the sword, and all the terrors of the future world are nursery tales to the hardy infidel. The youth of France and Switzerland were drawn away from all the charities of home to be crowded together in that moving city of plague, the camp, where these were the only current opinions. During the Italian campaigns, Geneva was on the high road of military operation.

Now that it has become the pride of the citizens, that they are no longer Frenchmen but Swiss, there is an appearance that they will seek to emulate the former virtues of the Republic, for good morals are the basis of the edifice of national prosperity and glory. Geneva, though much fallen, has yet an elevated standing ; the domestic virtues are cherished,

good principles honoured, Christian habits esteemed, vice is not endured in the light. But here, as every where, the training of all classes, not simply by moral rules, but by strong Christian principles, can alone be the safeguard of their honour, and pledge of their present and future happiness ; it is only the bringing the truths of the Bible into daily operation which can regulate the conscience and purify the heart.

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The form of civil government at Geneva is very singular, when compared with American ideas of republican simplicity. It has the vice of all old modes of administration : the people are over much governed ; there is no escaping the minute and vigilant wisdom which is vexatiously occupied in labouring for your benefit, to remove mischiefs arising only from its interference.

A censorship of the press is kept up, and it is a curious sequel to the history of M. Malan, that M. Cheneviére, who had been a principal in his persecution, having published a small volume in which he ventured to reprobate the re-establishment of the Jesuits in Fribourg, found its circulation interdicted by the Council of State, who feared that it might shake the firm Helvetic Confederacy.

## FRENCH PROTESTANTS.

In making a survey of the religious character of a people, some fixed standard is required ; and as I am a Christian, I profess, in my judgment of men and their opinions, to be governed by the Christian's law. Receiving myself, as far as I am acquainted with its principles, the Bible, as the rule of faith and practice, if I censure other men's doctrines or conduct, it is no fault of mine, but theirs who differ from the infallible standard.

So much may seem necessary to be said, since the world has advanced so wondrously in the science of liberality, that if a man be not a dis-organizer in society, he may profess what principles of rebellion he pleases against the King of Heaven ; and they are in great danger of

being accounted persecuting bigots who dare to censure unfaithfulness to the truth. The disavowal of party motives and persecuting rancour is due to myself, since these are not consciously cherished ; and is of importance, when in sorrow, not in anger, we declare what we have found in churches fallen from their ancient purity.

It is but a preparation for deep disappointment when the Christian traveller studies the history of the Reformed Churches of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, before he goes forward to visit the lands which were once the glory of Christendom. We see so much devotedness and earnest zeal in the cause of God, in those who then raised the standard of the Cross in spite of opposition, chains and death, that after our sympathies have been set to such a tone, we cannot easily feel in accordance with common men. So long as we indulge merely fanciful vagaries, we may hope that the suc-

sors of Calvin, and Beza, and Claude, inherit largely of the primeval spirit. But we soon come back to sounder notions ; for we need not cross the Atlantic to learn, that station does not always confer ability upon its occupant, nor the spirit fall with the garments of the inspired prophet.

Man so acts upon man, and the philosophy of the age upon Christians, that we should not expect a favourable report of the present state of the French churches.

There is enough in their history, since the revocation of the edict of Nantz, to confute Mr Gibbon's explanation of the cause of the success of Christianity in the fact of its being persecuted. If God be pleased to leave events to their natural consequences, persecution will certainly be ruinous to any body, if it be continued and bloody, so long as suffering and death are the objects of human dread.

The laws of Louis XIV., of infamous memory, as they destroyed all confidence among friends, and all communion between the minister and his people, were effectual, under Louis XV. and Louis XVI., in forcing the Protestants from Christian ministrations, and in depriving them of the service of enlightened ministers.

Notwithstanding the deserved encomiums upon the last named, and best of the Bourbon kings, he is to be included in the list of those whose agency has been fearfully active in breaking down the interests of true religion. I have myself seen, in the vicinity of Nismes, a spot consecrated by many recollections of confessors and martyrs, where the Protestants assembled so lately as the commencement of the Revolution for their religious duties. They took refuge, even in the reign of this ill-fated monarch, in a quarry, where the rocks were their

seats, and heaven their canopy, while the truth was preached by a man who dared take the hazard of the penalty then affixed to his courage, of confinement in the gallies, rather than that Christ's flock should not find pasture.

But it is less my object to explain the causes of the present depressed condition of these churches, than to state the fact, with some brief explanations.

Their original form of government was strictly Presbyterian, modelled like that of the Church of Scotland, upon the form instituted at Geneva, and perfected by Calvin. In the equal rights of the ministers, it protected the body of Christians from an aristocratical superiority ; and in the necessary collision of talent, it fully developed the powers of the members, and left each one to rise or fall, as nature, or his attainments in religion, might fix his standard. The introduction of lay deputies into the church courts gave a voice to the mass of the commu-

nity, collected its efficient wisdom, and saved their deliberations from the tincture of sacerdotal pride.

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However strange it may seem to all infected with the fashionable prejudice against Presbyterianism, derived for the most part from the grave authority of Hudibras, there is not a more perfectly philosophical organization for the purpose of government ; one which is at the same time so compact and simple, and so comprehensive and effectual. It provides for a court of delegates from each church, composed equally of ecclesiastical and lay members ; and a right of appeal exists to another and higher body, collected from all parts of the kingdom, who, being removed from provincial prejudices, may judge calmly and surely in all points of

difference. So long as men rule, it is impossible to make any system perfect: but here tyranny cannot easily have place, for each act binds all the members, and laxity will not be permitted, unless the body be greatly corrupted, since each member has the right of supervision, and the means of laying an abuse before the legal judges for correction.

“ So little is it,” says Milton, “ that I fear lest any crookedness, any wrinkle, or spot, should be found in Presbyterian government, that if Bodin, the famous French writer, though a Papist, yet affirms that the commonwealth which maintains this discipline will certainly flourish in virtue and piety; I dare assure myself that every true Protestant will admire the integrity, the uprightness, the divine and gracious purposes thereof, and even for the reason of it so coherent with the doctrine of the gospel, beside the evidence of command in Scripture, will confess it to be the only true church government; and

that, contrary to the whole end and mystery of Christ coming in the flesh, a false appearance of the same is exercised by Prelacy." \*

This authority will have some weight with us, if we believe what Milton elsewhere says, "that opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making."

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Of course, when the Christians were scattered, this organization fell with the church. Their consistories, or church sessions, as they are called in Scotland, were scarcely filled, and their synods became unknown. Each minister held on his lonely way, without light from a brother's wisdom, or warmth from a brother's sympathy.

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\* Milton's Prose Works, Vol. I. p. 132.

When regular government was destroyed, the power of religion decayed daily ; the sacred fire was not preserved in the household, which was not permitted to burn upon the public altar.

The Protestant part of the French nation, as they suffered from ecclesiastical, as well as political oppression, ardently took up the cause of liberty in the commencement of the Revolution. Many of them became alarmed in its violent progress, and were warmly attached to constitutional monarchy. But in the turmoil of changing governments, and in the terror of desolating proscriptions, the minds of most were turned away from any attention to religion ; and when Bonaparte conceded to them a certain share of liberty in this important particular, it was received and used rather as a means of gaining power in the state, than purity and peace in the sight of God. Ignorance of their own professed principles, and the want of zeal for them, it is believed, com-

bined with nearly equal force to lead them quietly to acquiesce in the organization of their church, as it was effected by Napoleon, who was tyrant in all matters, great and small. They who urge want of power as a plea for omitting to serve the Church of Christ in its most sacred interests, are generally under the influence of indifference or timidity. It might have been impossible to have induced the First Consul Bonaparte, or the Emperor Napoleon, to have permitted the assembling of a Protestant Synod, or any convocation of their scattered members ; yet it seems quite credible that he would have yielded to an unanimous movement in resistance of so debasing a rule as he gave them for forming their Consistories. This law, which still continues in full action, is to be considered as the most ruinous cause of their present sad condition. It provides, that in whatever department the Protestants amount to six thousand, they

shall have a right to a Consistory ; but that those shall be elders in the church who rate the highest upon the tax list of the civil officers ; so that oftentimes, may we not say usually, the minister is forced to act in union with those, who far from being a help, are a hindrance to him. I could now name the church in the south of France, where the elders, all except one, cried out against the fanatical zeal of their pastor, who wished to hold two public services on the Lord's day, and all, except one, were usually absent in the afternoon. If we believe Christ's word, that "not many wise or noble are called," and that "to the poor the gospel is preached," we must be contented to have church officers taken from the number of those who excel, not in wealth, but in piety ; and select them for their spiritual qualifications, and not for their rent-roll.

So long as this rule continues, it is vain to

expect vital religion to abound. The Protestant churches must ever remain as they are now for the most part—mere shells to cover formal devotion, or positive infidelity ; or as grave-stones to mark the burial places of their fathers.

It is a dear price to pay for government protection, when the civil authority regulates the internal jurisdiction of a spiritual community. But it was necessary to give some equivalent for the liberality of this same government, in rendering back part of what it exacted in the shape of taxes, in the form of a salary to the minister of religion. Although the Protestants, as in the department du Gard, while they are one-third only of the population, furnish two-thirds of the revenue; yet, instead of complaining of any law, they are expected to be very grateful that their minister of religion, as well as the Catholic, receives his nourishment—*traitement*—from royal bounty.

To treat the subject seriously, here is another bane to religious prosperity. It will seem strange to those who calculate according to worldly principles, that any one should suppose that when the state endows religion, it lowers her influence. And yet one need not be a philosopher to see that this degrades her heavenly character, and takes off from the prevailing sentiment of her spiritual power, and brings her into the lower orbit of earthly influences. So long as we assert the existence of a future world, and spiritual rewards and penalties, it is well to show that the church stands not by the power of man.

Besides, the civil rulers who pay, are very apt to exercise the right of choosing their servants, and are not likely to select those who can feed Christ's people with knowledge and love.

But further, who does not know how much we are bound together by mutual dependence ; how warmly that man will love his flock who knows that they have selected him for their

guide, and cast themselves on his spiritual services; how kindly they will cherish a pastor, who know that he depends solely upon them ; how much a body of people may be bound together by this one tie, which, like a single principle in nature, may connect the children of one Father in Heaven.

It is true, that this question about permanent provision for religious establishments runs over a great field, and opens a wide space for controversy. But it would seem that if we reason simply upon philosophical grounds, we may deny its utility ; and if we decide upon it by Scripture, we shall find a peremptory authority upon the civil magistrate to remain within the sphere of his civil duties. In the present state of the world, he will have employment enough, if he bear not the sword in vain, without seeking, by gorgeous and costly establishments, to bear up the ark of the Lord. Whether the donation be rich enough to raise a popedom, or small enough

to make the people neglect all care of their minister ; whether it be given in the most obnoxious form of tithes, as in England, or in the far better mode of valued tiends, as in Scotland, or fixed pecuniary provision, as in France, these are all modifications of the same questionable principle, and seem to come under the reproach which Dante bestows upon Constantine :—

Ahi Costantin, di quanto mal fu matre  
Non la tua conversion, ma quella dote,  
Che da te prese il primo ricco patre !

*Inferno. Canto XIX. al fino.*

That the protection of religion is sufficient, without an exclusive establishment, the United States of America will long show. There religion appears disengaged from earthly robes, and resplendent in heavenly graces ; her ministers appear simple to our outward vision, but are clothed with the best gifts of faith and charity.

Upon the ground that no foreigner has a right to a provision from the national purse, all Protestant ministers, since the kingdom has been restored to its ancient limits, are required to be French citizens, and to have pursued their education at the Protestant College at Montauban. This cuts off the supply which used to be furnished from the Swiss universities. In the present state of Geneva, however, the home-bred are likely to be better than the imported. As Dr Encontre is now Dean of the Faculty at Montauban, we may hope that this college will revive. And it is well that the Arian and Socinian professors at Geneva should not have an occasion of sending their errors out of their own religion. They who detest all Confessions of Faith, and who have cut themselves off from communion with the Protestant world, ought to be shut up, a petty schism at home, to lay their interdicts there, as they have done, upon all who

dare profess Calvin's doctrine in the city which his name has signalized.

The French Protestant Church is avowedly Calvinistic in doctrine as in government.—Would that the spirit of Calvin might descend, in this day of general apostacy, upon those who now think lightly of him and of his Lord !

The example which Bonaparte set in his ecclesiastical tyranny over his three millions of Protestant subjects, has been generally followed by the legitimate sovereigns of continental Europe. The King of Prussia seems resolved to force all his subjects into a union which has indifference to all religion for its basis ; and his Highness of Holland is anxious to do the same.

Since the family of Nassau have got the republic of Holland converted into a kingdom by the grace of the Council of Sovereigns at Vienna, they do double dishonour to their lineage, by seeking to lord it in church as in state. They have come to their authority, and are held in

historical remembrance for their eminent services in opposing the tyranny of Spain and Rome; and why should they now attempt to wield the ecclesiastical arms of a spiritual supremacy? Yet this William I., King of the Netherlands, has re-organized the Church of Holland, which was Presbyterian, like most of the other Protestant churches of the continent; and having appointed, by his sovereign selection, a Synod, has given a constitution which is a masterpiece of usurpation upon Christian liberty. A single specimen will show the size of this idol, which has not only the foot, but the force of Hercules. No minister can be settled over any congregation, even after he has finished his studies under the regular professors of theology, and been received according to the order of universities and classes, until the King be pleased to add his sign manual to the call from the Church. So little is the Church of Holland, that body of which Christ is the *head*! If this be Protestant

freedom, it will hereafter not be easy to define the tyranny of Papal Rome.

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The French Protestants, even now, have little to boast of ; they can hold no assemblies out of the limits of their church, without special authority, and were obliged to obtain permission of the civil power before they called a meeting to organize a Bible Society. No assemblages for religious purposes, of more than twenty persons, are permitted by the Napoleon code, except such as are organized under special provisions. It is in vain to expect that a material change can take place, or that much spirit can be introduced into the general mass, while there is no freedom for ministers of the gospel. The two great divisions of Louis Eighteenth's subjects are nominally equal ; but the government

sends Catholic missionaries throughout France, while it was vigilant enough to put down by force, a small collection of Protestants at Orleans, who were not shielded by the Consistory.

The Catholics are now sedulously attentive to the revival of their opinions, and have shown their wisdom in the selection of their means. Convinced that irreligion is too deeply rooted in the minds of the present generation to be eradicated, they attend almost exclusively to the children ; and on each Sunday afternoon, multitudes are collected in all the parish churches in Paris, and throughout the departments, to be taught their catechism and religious duties. It is an affecting commentary upon the fact that there is nothing so little consoling, nothing so hopeless as infidelity, that parents who disregard all these things for themselves, and who scarcely believe that the soul is immortal, are yet willing and anxious that their children should have access to a spring of life and joy,

which, if ineffectual for the future world, is yet most grateful in this. The poisoned garment upon too many among themselves has so far taken effect, that they have fallen into a death-like insensibility ; but they seem willing that it should sink with the shreds of their mortality, into the world of oblivion. If they cannot point towards heaven, with the expectation of a future happy abode there, they think the dreams of priests better than no visions of futurity. While they can only contemplate themselves as about to become clods of the valley, they wish their offspring to ascend the mount of hope, and look at the fields beyond, though they account them as unreal, as the scenes which fancy paints in the mist that floats in the regions of air.

Thus one generation discerns the folly of corrupt religion, and casts itself into the extreme of Atheism : another discerns the horrible disruption of all ties, civil and social, and the hope-

less gloom where God is not recognized, and it vibrates back again to the errors of its predecessor. If the gospel, in its simplicity, could even now be freely preached to the French nation, and human wretchedness exposed, as the Scripture declares it ;—the remedy for human guilt set forth as it is provided, through divine mercy, in the cross of Christ ; I believe we should see such effects as followed the sounding of the trumpets for the year of Jubilee, when the tribes of the Lord flocked to His holy Temple. It is not supposed that any merely human causes can unite to make a nation truly religious. But we know that the same Saviour who saw the fields of Judea ripe for the harvest, is present now with the ministers of his truth ; and if they, by his Providence, had access to the ears, we may believe that His spirit would fall upon the hearts of thousands, as it were, in a day.

The French Protestants have abundance of the sectarian spirit, but little or none of the pro-

selying zeal of the Catholics ; and they do little more than stand their ground in the present eventful times. It is in spite of the inert force of the mass, that some few more zealous among the pastors and people, establish Sunday schools and tract societies. That immense machinery of benevolent associations organized by Christian wisdom, and worked by pious zeal to such mighty effect, in Great Britain, and in the United States, is but beginning to be heard of in France. Yet those who have observed the progress of events for the last fifteen years, may hope for wonders in the next quarter of a century.

But while truth forces me to draw so bad a picture of a church, whose very relics I love, it must not be imagined that there are no points of light amidst the general gloom. I have seen a pastor, such as Cowper might describe, and Paul praise, one who preaches, not human merit, nor human philosophy, but such doctrines

as come from God ; who sets forth faith in Christ as the only means of securing the divine favour, and the influence of the spirit of truth as the only source of sanctification ; who stands fast by the article—*stantis et cadentis ecclesiae*—our free and full justification by the righteousness of Christ, without our own works ;—and at the same time enforces the obligation of that holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord. I have been a spectator of his evangelical labours, and have heard his zealous prayers ; and now know of noble fruits of his unsparing exertions. I need not describe the sympathy with which I have listened to the history of his private sorrows, arising from the absence of all co-operation from those who were sworn as fellow-soldiers into the same service ; for he finds support in God, and sympathy in Jesus Christ, and encouragement from the land of our fathers.

He has distributed one hundred and twenty thousand tracts in one year ;—his Sunday schools

flourish ; he confines not his preaching to cities, but villages, and fields, and the mountains of the Cevennes, the ancient refuges of God's persecuted professors, witness the wide sphere of his energies ;—exertions lightly esteemed on earth, but known to be glorious in heaven.

While we weep that he has so little aid from earthly friends, we should pray for many more such labourers from the Lord of the harvest.

## WATERLOO.

THE scenery around Brussels, and indeed from Maestricht to Ostend, is more like that of England, than any other part of the continent. The surface is delightfully broken into hill and dale, and is sufficiently well wooded and watered to give variety to the swelling landscape.

In travelling from Aix-la-Chapelle to Brussels, each step reminds us that we are passing over the battle-ground of Europe, where the sovereigns of Germany and Spain, as well as of England and France, have met to decide their quarrels by the strong argument of the sword. From the period of the wars of the League to those of Napoleon, has this ill-fated country been the spot where many battles have been fought, and blood profusely spilled in conflicts, in which both

victory and defeat, it is to be feared, were murder. For that is nothing better which consigns to untimely death, thousands of men, upon the suggestion of passion, or from the lust of power.

It is an important point gained, when our moral feelings become so strong as to lead us to reprobate the practice of war in whatever shape it appear : so that even when we stand upon the defensive, we weep over a victory, as over a capital punishment, necessary, but awful.

Our own age has seen the armies of Europe again drawn out in the Low Countries ; and the sound of the shock of hundreds of thousands of men in arms has gone forth to the ends of the earth. It is among the wonders of this century, that the works which have been originated by the most sublime spirit of benevolence, and those which have been excited by the most demoniacal fury, have appeared at the same period ;— even as we sometimes hear the thunder from the heavens, and see the rapid ravages of the light

ning in the fairest summer day. At the very time when a general system of instruction has been devised for the people—a general desire evinced to meliorate the condition of the lowest class—a general freedom of opinion propagated, and when ancient abuses and prejudices seem to relax their hold upon men's minds ;—at such a time we have beheld nations, wielded as playthings in the hands of a tyrant, and the will of millions bow to his supreme volition.—This enlightened age has seen how difficult it is to get men free from the fatuity of trusting all to one man ; since even the defeats in Russia, the refusal of peace at Chatillon, the arrogance upon the Champ de Mai, did not prevent the flower of France from flocking to the standard of Bonaparte, to stand or fall with him at Waterloo.

I was anxious to visit this ever memorable and sublimely decisive field, where the enemy of the liberties of mankind closed his destruc-

tive career ; when the Emperor of the French, and King of Italy, and Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, was transformed into the captive of St Helena. I found it bearing but few marks of the desolation of war, though but three years had passed away since it was literally the field of blood. The hand of cultivation had erased all marks of violence from the face of nature, and made this plain again rich and beautiful.

We were fortunate in our guide, who was the same who attended Bonaparte during the whole period of this fearful combat. He led us over the field in various directions, and also to the farm-house of La Haye, described the positions of the several corps, and marked out the spots where the action had been the most severe. The slight eminence behind which Wellington was posted, gave him a great advantage in his evolutions ; and the guide reports that Marshal Ney declared to Bonaparte, that it was impossi-

ble to gain a victory, unless he were drawn from that position.

But I have, perhaps, reason to be ashamed to confess, that all the details of the action interested me far less than his description of the Emperor's conduct upon the defeat of the Imperial Guard, when he turned and fled from the field. Napoleon with apparent coolness simply uttered the exclamation, "*C'est fini ! allons !*" "It is ended ! let us go !" The most fearful tragedy that the world ever saw acted had come to its denouement ; and he who had been both machinist to plan, and manager to exhibit this spectacle of carnage and woe, looked upon the scene without pity, and left it to provide for his personal safety,—left it without remorse ! He had hurried myriads to their last account,—and seemed never to reflect whether that consciousness might not exist in a separate state,—which had left their organized remains.

Such is man as an individual, when destitute

of the sentiment of responsibility to his Creator, and of his relation to an unseen world : driven by the varying currents of passion or interest, and capable of any enormity. What then must a mass of men be who have cast off the fear of God ?

We are here led to recall the striking and profound observation of Madame de Staël concerning the little agency that individual character has in bringing about great revolutions. That crisis in the French Revolution, she says, which demanded a Robespierre, would have made another, if he had never lived who bore that execrable name. Less horrible consequences than the assassinations upon the Place de Greve were not to be expected, when rulers and people had divested themselves of all sense of religion. Little reverence or affection for our fellow-creatures does that system inculcate, which would degrade men into animals to be annihilated by death. There is nothing unbending but

moral principle ; the best natural feelings of benevolence cannot protect us from the risk of becoming cruel and odious tyrants. Nothing but the sense of religion universally diffused, and unceasingly efficient, saved the revolution in the United States of America from being polluted with all the fearful atrocities incident to civil war.

While, then, we deplore the character of the great warrior and wicked man who led the legions of France, and sometimes indulge ourselves in conjecturing how different would have been the present state of Europe, had he been wise and good ; yet we must learn this lesson of practical wisdom, that the head has far less influence upon the body than was wont to be imagined in old time, or than perhaps it really had in old time ; that the mass of a nation will have a ruler whose feelings agree in the main with their own ; and that a small portion of principle and benevolence, which as leaven is diffu-

sed through a whole community, is much to be preferred to a very large share of the same most desirable qualities confined to a privileged class, or to single men of the highest rank and fortune. We have been so much accustomed to look at the great things of life, that we vastly underrate the power of the minute parts in the machinery of society, and it is time to alter our scale of judgment and course of observation. The astronomer, who is studying the mighty wisdom and power displayed in fixing the orbits of the planets, counts it an instance of great condescension in the Creator, (as it is in truth) that He regulates the breathing of an insect ; but these objects so widely diverse, are great or small only as compared by the philosopher, and he himself, in common with the objects of his observation, forms a part of one system, moved by one Agent. If we would imitate the Supreme Example of benevolence, we must consider no subject too humble for our attention, and

especially no fellow-man too unworthy to have his character investigated, nor too diseased for us to seek his cure.

The action of ruler upon people, and people upon ruler, though difficult to trace and not always immediate, is yet distinctly to be perceived in the great lines of history, and is more peculiarly observable in the character of Bonaparte, who made himself the idol of his soldiery, and the popular despot of his empire, by possessing the rare talent, during the earlier part of his reign, of discovering in season how much his subjects would endure, and what must be the time and the limit of his usurpations.

How much of meanness is there in all human grandeur ! While nations are beholding this one man, and reflecting upon the mighty emotions which swell in his bosom, the hero himself takes refuge in insensibility. Napoleon insensible after the battle of Waterloo !

The saying attributed to Wellington is great

and pathetic,—“ That he knew nothing so sad as a battle gained, except a battle lost.” Who that regards suffering humanity, will not pray that our age may not be cursed with such another spectacle; that wisdom and peace may at last reign in either hemisphere, and men cultivate only those dispositions which are required by our religion, and which are alone consistent with our present and future happiness.

It is vain to hope for this result from an alliance of sovereigns, who propose to keep the peace among themselves at the expense of lighting up the torch of discord at the fireside of each of their subjects. But we may expect it from the spreading influence of truth among the people, when their consciences shall become active because their understandings are enlightened; for then devastation and murder, even when sanctioned by organized bodies, and with the apparatus of law, will appear atrocious crimes.

But this impression must come in some degree simultaneously ; for it is absurd to imagine such a Utopia as a nation without defensive armour in the midst of modern Europe. Yet the philanthropist may, upon a sure calculation, indulge the hope that not many centuries hence the face of society shall be changed, the principles of government reformed, and war driven back, as an accursed daemon, to the infernal caverns whence it first escaped.

It struck my imagination much that the battle of Waterloo should have been fought upon a Sunday. What a different scene for the Scotch Greys and English infantry, from that which at that very hour was exhibited by their relatives ; when over England and Scotland each church bell had drawn together its worshippers ! While many a mother's heart was sending upward a prayer for her son's preservation, perhaps that son was gasping in agony.

Yet even at such a period, the lessons of his early days might give him consolation ; and the maternal prayer might prepare the heart to support maternal anguish. It is religion alone which is of universal application, both as stimulant and lenitive, as it is the varied heritage of man to labour or endure. But we know that many thousands rushed into this fight, even of those who had been instructed in our own religious principles, without leisure for one serious thought ; and that some officers were killed in their ball-dresses. They made the leap into the gulph which divides two worlds, the present from the immutable state, without one parting prayer or one note of preparation !

As I looked over this field, now green with growing corn, I could mark with my eye spots where the most desperate carnage had been, marked out by the verdure of the wheat. The bodies had been heaped together, and scarcely

more than covered it. And so enriched is the soil, that in these spots the grain never ripens ; it grows rank and green to the end of the harvest. This touching memorial, which endures when the thousand groans have expired, and when the stain of human blood has faded from the ground, still seems to cry to Heaven that there is awful guilt somewhere, and a terrific reckoning for those who had caused destruction which the earth would not conceal. These hillocks of superabundant vegetation, as the wind rustled through the corn, seemed the most affecting monuments which nature could devise, and gave a melancholy animation to this plain of death.

When we attempt to measure the mass of suffering which was here inflicted, and to number the individuals that have fallen, considering that each who suffered was our fellow man, we are overwhelmed with the agonizing calculation,

and retire from the field which has been the scene of our reflections, with the simple concentrated feeling ;—these armies once lived, breathed, and felt like us, and the time is at hand when we shall be like them.

## THE

**CEMETERY OF PÈRE LA CHAISE.**

THE cemetery of Père la Chaise is situated on an eminence at the eastern extremity of Paris. It commands a very extensive prospect, embracing a great part of the city, and all its most considerable edifices; and much of the surrounding country, including the fortress of Vincennes and the heights of Montmartre. It is the principal burial place, particularly of strangers, and is laid out with great regularity and beauty. The variety and elegance of the monuments, the care with which they are all preserved, but especially the recollections connected with the memory of those whose dust rests below, continually attract multitudes of visitors. Many

come from better motives than curiosity, for some family is frequently seen ascending its eminences to weep at the tomb of a parent. Many are attracted by friendship, for they accompany the last remains of one whom they have loved; and many are borne thither by an irresistible necessity in the cold arms of death. Scarcely an hour passes in which one hearse does not follow another, and add its burden to the crowded assembly.

It was on an occasion affectingly interesting that I once entered within these walls to leave there a body, which I had seen animated by an immortal spirit, now flown to its eternal dwelling place. The body I had seen racked with pain, and had listened to the words of a spirit wrung with anguish. I saw that spirit, prepared by faith for its long invisible journey, and heard the wife say, that she was willing to go, since such was the will of God; and that she could

even rejoice in it, since her Saviour would guard her, and could remunerate her husband for the loss with spiritual consolations. I heard the mother exult in the affirmation, that "a Father of the fatherless is God in his holy habitation." I heard the last sounds that passed her lips, and saw the last motion that quivered on them.

No relative was present when the body of the mother was deposited upon the brow of the hill beside that of her only son. Duty and friendship alike led me to join the few, who, strangers in a foreign country, offered that last token of regard, which failed not to remind them how far they were from home;—yet how near perhaps their last abode.

After the reading of a part of the burial service of the Church of England, and before the prayers, the minister spoke, as nearly as I can remember, in the following words:—

“ We are assembled, my friends, to render

the last service which human suffering demands from human sympathy. It is a melancholy occasion ; and we are permitted to indulge the feelings of nature, since Jesus himself wept at the grave of a friend.

“ It is a melancholy occasion, for we commit to the cold earth a person whom we have seen animated with life, and conscious of all the warm attachments of friend, and wife, and mother. If we indulge only the feelings of nature, we may weep ourselves into agony, to think of features given up to corruption which have bloomed in health and beauty, and *that* body covered to be seen no more. If we venture to interrupt the silence of the tomb with the voice of lamentation, it may be in unmixed anguish, for *Nature* beholds here only decay and horror. Affection may make us linger upon a spot whence Hope has fled ; but our tears will not benefit the departed, nor melt into pity that King of

Terrors, who has torn away a friend, and is advancing to seize us.

“ But I come not to speak of the terrors in which he arrays himself, nor to describe what we all feel ; but standing here on ground where he seems a conqueror, I will speak of One mightier than he, even Jesus, ‘ that delivereth us from the wrath to come ; ’ ‘ who has conquered death and him that had the power of it ; ’ and opened a secure path to eternal glory. When we had fallen by our sins, salvation was provided by the death of the Son of God ; so that ‘ now whosoever believeth shall not perish, but have everlasting life.’ We sorrow, then, in hope, since we have a sure word of promise, that whosoever will receive the great salvation, having repented him of all his sins, ‘ though he die, yet shall he live.’ And she whom we lament, embraced with all her heart this proffer of mercy. She was strengthened to resist the fear of death,

knowing that the Saviour liveth. She has received the promise ; she has entered into rest.

“ The words, then, which our Lord spoke to the daughters of Jerusalem, we may hear addressed to us, as if they proceeded from this grave,—‘ Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves.’ Yes ! we should not weep for her, who is in that land of joy, but for ourselves, who are in this world of sorrow ; not for her, who is freed from sin, but for ourselves, who are enthralled by temptation ; not for her, who is emancipated from all earthly shackles, but for ourselves, who are bound in this body of death ; not for her, who has passed through the dark valley, but for ourselves, who fear that journey.—‘ Where I am, there shall also my servant be,’ says Jesus the Redeemer. Let us rejoice our hearts, then, in the thought, that she is in the holy Mount, in the heavenly Zion, amidst the innumerable company of the spirits of the just made perfect ; of holy angels ;—in the presence of God, the

Judge of all, and of Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant ! Who can describe what pleasure flows through the city of God !

“ But if we will have for ourselves the same hope, we must have like precious faith : And we know not how soon we may need all its consolations. The generations of our fathers wait for us ; the wind has passed over them, and they are gone ; and we shall not long have this covering of flesh to prevent the wind from bearing us away to keep them company.

“ And yet I need no spirit of prophecy, and no peculiar insight into futurity, to know that many of you who now hear me, will go from this grave thoughtless of your eternal interests, and of reconciliation with God ; that you will live as unconcerned about the mediation of Jesus Christ, as if you were not sinners ; and as unrepentant, as if the Truth in person had not said, ‘ Except ye repent, ye shall all perish.’

You will go from this grave, and plunge again into the business of the world and its dissipations, and perhaps into its most criminal pleasures, as if Death might not instantly seize you, and bear you away to the judgment of God. Though we dwell not in our native land, and though our habitation be far from the sepulchres of our fathers, yet even hence we, like the friend we now mourn, may be called to that judgment, and in this land of strangers be forced to make up our final account. There is earth enough here to cover us, and Death may be at hand, though we hear not his footsteps. There is but one security, which is a heart-felt reception of the Son of God, and practical conformity to his words.

“ There is one sin which excludes for ever from mercy, and shuts up in the prison without hope. The Redeemer himself hath said, ‘ He that believeth not, shall be damned.’ By the terror and mercy of the Lord, be entreated now

to accept his salvation. We all go alone into the invisible world, and each for himself sustains the scrutiny of the Eternal. If the angel of desolation, with the pestilence in his train, were to pass over yonder busy and populous city, and sweep away hundreds of thousands in a moment, not one of them should hasten past the throne of God without this sentence. 'Watch, therefore, and pray, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh.'"

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The prayers of the funeral service in conclusion fell with deep impression upon my heart. As our little company separated upon the hill-side, the heavens were overclouded, the spires and domes of Paris were just visible in the dusky horizon of the evening, while one long streak

of light hung along the west, like a banner in the breeze. It changed from red to yellow, then to grey, and was soon lost in darkness. So fades not the light of immortality which the Gospel sheds upon our tomb.

FINIS.

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